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SIXTEENTH YEAR OF PUBLICATION

SAMUEL TRAVERS CLOVER - - - **EDITOR**

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FEEDING AN AVID PUBLIC

SAD AND bad enough is the plain, unvarnished tale of the finding of the mutilated corpse of little Anna Poltera out in a secluded spot of Griffith Park last week. Naturally, the public interest in this fiendish murder is intense, but to meet the demands of their readers for details, local newspapers have fairly revelled in alleged clues, suspects, theories, rumors, wild reports and silly yarns. Many of these are quite as harrowing as the original story of the discovery of the body, the rival dailies evidently considering nothing too absurd to print that has the slightest bearing, however remote, on the crime. And so the public has been fed from day to day with that which it eagerly devours, caring little how much of fact or fiction the murder menu offers, so long as it is sufficiently seasoned to stimulate the appetite. Ugh! it is an uncanny orgy.

Alleged portraits of Mexicans suspected of the crime are printed, drawn by imaginative artists, with itemized information appended as marginal notes. Thus, the hair is marked by a dark arrow and "black" is in damning evidence alongside. Mustache: arrow, "small, black;" shirt, arrow, "black sateen;" overalls: arrow, "blue;" handkerchief bundle: arrow, "bandana;" shoes: arrow, "brogans." Thrilling, isn't it? and so enterprising! But the theories advanced and the hypothetical cases discussed are equally intense. Smart detectives have aired their views ad infinitum, ad nauseam. One asseverates that the crime could not possibly have been committed by a Mexican, another is equally certain a white man could not have done it, while a third is positive that a negro is responsible for the foul deed. It was the work of a hobo; a degenerate is the author of the crime; a cholo did it.

But of all the inane, yet horrible, theories advanced, is that the nine-year-old victim "had a lover," this sapient deduction being drawn from the fact that she carried her school utensils in a "chocolate box," that her diary was filled with sentimental verses and that on the cover of the book was inscribed "a memory." Let Sherlock Holmes retire to obscurity evermore after this exhibition of inferential reasoning. Of course, the public is to conclude that little Anna, years removed from the pubescent age, had given her admirer cause for jealousy and in his fury at finding himself deceived had wreaked personal vengeance on his fickle mistress! Isn't that a reductio ad absurdum, with a vengeance?

Sensational pulpits have not failed to pile agony

on top of this horror. One gentleman of the cloth is depicted with hands uplifted, scoring the police for their inadequate protection; for the paltry price the community places on purity; for our neglect "to defend the home, protect the innocence of childhood, the nobility of womanhood, or the dignity of manhood." Warning to his work, the minister launches into glittering generalities. The murder is explained. It is because the human heart is deceitful; sin is a hideous reality, moral obliquity is a revolting fact. Then follows this oratorical gem as a fitting climax:

The devil is a terrible tyrant; his rule is written in human blood. The biggest, blackest, ugliest fact of life is sin. Not a mere negative of the good, but a positive, ferocious, damnable and self-propagating power, so pitiless, so murderous and so mighty that it requires the conquering and cleansing energy of the blood of Calvary's cross to subdue its strength, curb its passion, dethrone its master and save its victim from outbreathing and scandalous sin.

Quite so. After that, let the deductive professional detectives, the amateur newspaper ones, and all other theorists hide their diminished heads. The pulpiteer has pointed his index finger at the culprit. It is that terrible tyrant, the devil. Hysterical? Not more so than the newspaper columns that have contributed so pertinaciously to such a mental condition in the community. The atrocious murder of Anna Poltera is not the only crime of recent record.

LAW ON A LONG-VEXED QUESTION

IT HAS remained for a Scottish jury to answer that long-vexed question: Has a husband a right to retain his wife's letters in order that he may read them? In the case in point the husband intercepted the mail carrier, who, in response to a question, handed over a letter for the wife which the recipient of it agreed to deliver. He failed to do so and complaint being lodged with the postoffice inspector for the Inverness district, the negligent husband was called to defend the charge of fraudulently retaining a letter addressed to his wife and refusing to turn it over to the postal authorities.

In addressing the jury on his own behalf, the defendant argued that if he had no right to read his wife's letters, there must be such crowds of criminal husbands in the United Kingdom that the prisons could not contain them. He held that he had a right to retain the letter; there was a grave civil action pending in which the letter would prove of the greatest service to him and when that civil action (divorce proceedings) was finished he should be very pleased to hand it over for perpetual preservation in the British Museum. Mark the astuteness of the jury's decision: Guilty of neglecting or refusing to deliver up the letter; not guilty of fraudulently retaining it, coupled with a strong recommendation for leniency from the court. On the suggestion of the authorities the husband was "advised" to give up the letter, retaining an authenticated copy of it. Upon his agreeing not to repeat the offense, the husband was given his liberty on a "good behavior" promise for the ensuing six months.

Would that construction of the statutes apply in this country? How many husbands are there who could be haled into court on precisely similar charges to those filed against the Inverness defendant? We believe the average American jury would acquit a husband of fraudulently retaining his wife's letters while insisting that he should deliver them to their rightful owner or suffer the consequences. What proportion of the benedicts arrogate to themselves the right of appropriating the letters of their wives and reading them is purely speculative. The average husband, we believe, is not given to intercepting his wife's letters, and is quite content, in fact, to escape having to read the criss-crossed corre-

spondence he has learned to avoid. In case he suspected, as did the Inverness husband, that his wife was carrying on an illicit correspondence, the chances are that the average married man would risk criminal action and open the suspected letter, if it came his way first. We say, the average man, for the ones who would scorn to take advantage of opportunity, even if morally certain of uncovering a wrong, are few and far between.

Evidently the Scottish jury was in full sympathy with the Inverness husband's dilemma, just as an American jury would be in similar circumstances. After all, the question cannot be regarded as solved. Husbands who have a due regard for their wives have no more notion of tampering with the private correspondence of the latter than they would have of opening the letters addressed to their clerks. Even wives have individual rights which the postal law says must be respected. But in the exigency such as arose in Inverness—well, each husband will have to fight it out with his own conscience, that is all.

CASE OF LITERARY MALVERSATION

NOT LONG ago The Graphic adverted to a form of literary dementia that has attacked men and women from time to time, causing the victims to imagine they had written books, stories or poems having popular vogue, regarding the identity of the authorship of which uncertainty existed. Instances of the peculiar workings of this disease have been met repeatedly in the last twenty or thirty years, in all parts of the country—Los Angeles not being exempt from individuals afflicted with the mania. Thus, two years ago, a young woman was feted locally because of her claims to the authorship of "The Lady of the Decoration," a story with a Japanese setting, published under a pseudonym. It remained for the editor of The Graphic to disprove the assertions of the fraudulent claimant, the deprivation of whose peacock feathers was followed by her sudden flitting from the scenes of her late social triumphs.

Much more puzzling is the case of Mrs. Rose Shelton of Long Beach, whose reiterated statements that in her is vested the right to the literary appellation of "Leo Crane" has been a matter of comment in The Graphic on a previous occasion. According to Mrs. Shelton, following the death of her husband, a Long Beach physician, she turned to literature and magazine work, as a means of livelihood and over the signature of "Leo Crane" submitted short stories to Harper's and other first-class publications, which found instant favor. Naturally, when we learned of her success, through a published interview in a Los Angeles newspaper, and soon thereafter came across Leo Crane's "One Man's Story," published in the April Harper's, we congratulated Mrs. Selton on her good work, revealing to our readers her identity with Leo Crane. To this Mr. F. A. Duneka, secretary and general manager of the Harper publishing house, demurred, assuring us in a personal letter that the real Leo Crane lived in Washington, was well-known in the Harper offices and could not possibly be merged in Mrs. Rose Shelton, as stated. When Mrs. Shelton was shown this apparent refutation of her claims, she confided to the Long Beach Press interviewer, who directed her attention to the article in The Graphic, that she had in her possession a duplicate copy of the manuscript for "One Man's Story" and a check from Harper's in payment.

Our only recourse was to forward the clipping to Harper & Bros., with the remark that either the Leo Crane in Washington was robbing Mrs. Shelton of her honors by masquerading in borrowed plumage, or else the Long Beach claimant was afflicted with that same literary ailment of which Caroline Rogers, of "The Lady of the

"Decoration" episode, was seized. In response comes a personal letter from Mr. Duneka, which we reprint here as serving to shed light on this curious tangle. It is addressed to the editor of The Graphic, is dated New York, May 20, and reads:

Replying to your letter of May 10 as to Leo Crane, I beg to say that several people connected with Harper & Brothers, including myself, have the pleasure of knowing Mr. Leo Crane personally. He lives in Washington, is in the government service there, and comes to New York every now and then. I have had personal dealings with him and have even returned a story to him to have part of it slightly changed. The change was made and the story returned by him. There is, so far as any human intelligence may say, no doubt that the Leo Crane who writes our stories is the man I know. I have at the present moment a manuscript on my desk by him. I am venturing to send your letter to Mr. Crane and will ask him to send you a little line establishing his identity. We have never paid any money to Mrs. Rose Shelton, so far as our records of the past year or two show. Trusting that this may help you out of your dilemma, I am,

Yours faithfully,
F. A. DUNEKA,
Secretary and General Manager.

This would seem to dispose, pretty effectually, of Mrs. Shelton's alleged claim to possessing a duplicate copy of the manuscript for "One Man's Story" and a check from Harper's in payment. Friends of Mrs. Shelton who are confessedly puzzled by the conflicting statements, have tried to account for the discrepancies by explaining that her stories, signed "Leo Crane," in eastern magazines, are handled by an agent who may, unconsciously, have given the impression that the stories he marketed were his own. To controvert this impression, we offer the following letters just received from Mr. Moyle, of "The Literary Exchange," New York, who from his office at 36 East Twenty-third street, also under date of May 20, writes:

Dear Sir.—Mr. Duneka, general manager of Harper & Bros., has called my attention to the claims made by Mrs. Rose Shelton, that she is the author of certain "Leo Crane" stories that have appeared in Harper's Monthly and elsewhere, and that an agent named Richter has been disposing of them for her. I wish to state that for the last five years I have been acting as the exclusive agent of Mr. Leo Crane, and desire to place it on record that Mr. Crane, who is in the employ of the United States government, in the Indian office at Washington, D. C., is the originator of all stories written by him and sold by me. I understand Messrs. Harper & Bros. have taken in hand the matter of this claim and for that reason will not follow it up further, since they will see that no injury is done to my client. I cannot imagine that anyone but an insane person would make such a claim as this.

Very truly yours,
SETH MOYLE, Proprietor.

Apparently, these two letters leave Mrs. Shelton no loophole of escape from the charge of literary malversation and yet her friends are loath to be convinced. We have before us at this writing what purports to be the original typewritten draft of a story by Leo Crane, entitled "The Bracelet," kindly lent us by a friend of Mrs. Shelton, from whom it was obtained. The typist evidently is a tyro at the machine, punctuation, capitalization, spelling and paragraphing being of the crudest. In the August Harper's for 1908 we find Leo Crane's story of "The Bracelet," and a comparison of the manuscript in hand with the printed pages of the magazine would seem to indicate that the typewritten manuscript is a transcription of the printed story. In other words, the Long Beach work was done after the August Harper's was published. Yet another story by Leo Crane, "Dust and the Serpent," was printed in the November, 1908, Harper's. This Mrs. Shelton is said to have outlined to a friend in September, stating that it would appear in the November number.

But this prize puzzle is solved, completely and effectually, by the receipt of a letter from the real Leo Crane, which, in justice to that author, we append herewith in full. It is dated Washington, D. C., May 22, and is directed to the editor of The Graphic. It reads:

Your letter, dated May 10, addressed to Messrs. Harper & Brothers, New York City, has been referred to me by Mr. F. A. Duneka (editor of the Monthly), to whom I am well known insofar as business connected with the sale of manuscript permits. Mr. Duneka suggests that I make myself known to you also. This would seem like the boldest personal advertising, were it not justified by the circumstances.

It appears from your letter that you have been

led to believe in some measure that I am not myself (a struggling male author), but a woman named Mrs. Rose Shelton, residing at Long Beach, California.

This person is very daring, and must be a lunatic if not a calculating imposter. I hope you will do what you can to suppress her agitation under my name. "Leo Crane" is not a nom de plume, nor have I been connected with colleges in any way, not even as a student. I do not know Mrs. Rose Shelton, and since the receipt of your letter, I would rather not meet her. This is purely out of consideration for her feelings. You are authorized by me to inform her that, if the masquerade does not cease, I shall be compelled to place advertising in both Los Angeles and San Francisco newspapers.

I do not believe that there are more than four American authors named "Crane," and I know that I am the only one signing "Leo Crane," who is entitled to use that signature. As I am acquainted with nearly all of the principal magazine editors in the east, you can easily confirm this. Mr. Seth Moyle, 36 East Twenty-third street, New York, who has been my literary agent for some years, can tell you more about the real Leo Crane, with good grace, than I can. Mr. Moyle sold "One Man's Story," "The Bracelet," etc., to Harper's Monthly, as well as "The Chevalier of the Golden Coin" (this last to the "Red Book," Chicago). "The Chevalier" may have been published over the name "Leo Westmeath Crane," which I signed to several stories some years ago.

Anyone may copy my stories from the magazines and claim to have original manuscripts. When I sell a story to an editor I never see the original manuscript again, and believe these are retained usually in office files. But why retain a Harper check? This, upon being cashed would return through banks to Major Leigh, Harper's treasurer, who had issued it. Is it possible that the California "Leo Crane" does not cash checks? Would this one were so fixed. You should capture the California product alive and forward it to the National Museum. I would like to examine it, under glass, since nothing like it in literary history has been known.

My stories will be published this year by Harper's Monthly, Harper's Weekly, the Red Book, the Circle, the Smart Set, the Pictorial Review, the Sunday Associated Magazines, the Literary Magazine, the People's Magazine, etc. Perhaps the California author can give the titles of these stories sold and tell what they are about.

As Messrs. Harpers may have represented, I live in Washington, D. C. (part of the time), where I have a position in the Office of Indian Affairs, where a letter will reach me. I am better known in Baltimore, having lived most of my life in that city and where I maintain a residence. Any Baltimore newspaper will furnish you with an account of the real Leo Crane and his literary endeavor. To save you trouble, I am enclosing the last, from the Baltimore Sun, of December, 1908, also a card and a booklet recently issued by Mr. Moyle, who conducts perhaps the largest agency (or clearing-house) for American and English authors.

It occurs to me that sometime ago a young man named Riker, who had been employed by Mr. Moyle, started a small agency of his own in New York City. I do not believe this effort was a success. However, Riker, having met me several times, would scarcely dare assist a misrepresentation, which could not succeed in the east, as I visit New York editors at least twice a year to look after my accounts. Also, I recently granted permission to a Mrs. Rosamund McNaught of Bloomington, Ill., to reprint a part of a published story, entitled, "Across a Lighted Space," from the Pictorial Review. This, I understand, was to appear as one of a number of selections from magazines in a volume of readings. There may be some connection between these incidents and the masquerader, though I hope not.

I am sorry that this should form my introduction to the literary field on the coast, but have to thank you for the earnest endeavor to arrive at truth. Had you not inquired, I might have been embarrassed at some future time. And now that I have advertised myself so extensively to you, I trust you will do what you can to impress upon Mrs. Rose Shelton the absolute necessity for her retirement from the literary field, at least under the name of "Leo Crane." I would like to know something about the outcome of your campaign of exposure. Believe me,

Very sincerely yours,

LEO CRANE.

We are still left groping for a reason for Mrs. Rose Shelton's queer and wholly unfounded claims. Why does she assert that she wrote the several stories noted above and that her pen name is Leo Crane, when the truth, considering the publicity given to her statements, was bound to react upon her? As with Caroline Rogers, whose pretensions we felt it a duty to expose, we prefer to believe that it is a mild form of dementia from which Mrs. Shelton is suffering, and that the remedy we have applied to her case will prove both salutary and profitable.

It is evident that the graft prosecution in San Francisco has not been asleep in the preparation of its case against Calhoun. Revelations by witnesses employed by the minions of the indicted

street railway executive to gain, by surreptitious means, information in the possession of the district attorney's office, have an ugly, incriminating look that may involve a number of the Calhoun lesser lights before the end is reached. It begins to be apparent that Patrick Calhoun is badly handicapped before the people by these manifestations of a frenzied desire on the part of his underlings to circumvent the prosecution by hook or by crook. Certainly, they are not the procedure of an innocent man and the public will so construe the unfoldings.

GHOST THAT WILL NOT DOWN

THAT Deceased Wife's Sister ghost, which has perturbed British social circles for a number of decades, refuses to down. It was confidently believed that the passage of the act of parliament, validating marriages of this nature, would forever allay the specter, but recent events across the water have proved the fallacy of such reasoning. A Church of England clergyman having refused to administer the sacrament to a couple legally married in accordance with the Deceased Wife's Sister Act, thus practically excommunicating them, was admonished by the Court of Arches of Canterbury to refrain from denying the rite in future without reasonable cause. The protesting canon refused to yield quietly and took his decision into the civil court. He contended that his "reasonable cause" was found in the words of the rubric, which referred to "open and notorious evil livers," and also in the provision of the Deceased Wife's Sister Act, which dealt with the non-liability of a clergyman to be sued.

Counsel for the complainants argued that the marriage of his clients was perfectly legal; that they lived happily together, with the full sanction of their neighbors and yet if the construction of the clergyman, in regard to their marriage was held to be "notoriously sinful," then he had a right to excommunicate them. Such a view of what the law has pronounced to be legal was declared to be absurd and revolting. How could their mode of living be construed as wicked when the law recognized it as binding and lawful? This is the poser which the English justices not yet have settled. The clergyman wants the court to protect his conscience; his lawyer admits the legality of the marriage as a civil contract, but places the ecclesiastical laws above the laws enacted by parliament.

It is easy to imagine the hopeless, endless snarls such a situation would entail were the court to uphold the clergyman in his contentions. What the civil laws have pronounced lawful and proper the ecclesiastics still maintain is wickedness, hence the withholding of the sacrament. Thus the recrudescence of the Deceased Wife's Sister epidemic.

GRAPHITES

What's this? Chicago and northwest Illinois the center of an earthquake shock that disturbed six states. Skyscrapers jarred perceptibly, college buildings shaken, fires started, ceilings denuded of plastering, boxes of freight jolted into confused heaps, women scared, students frightened, pictures jolted from the walls—why, what a familiar ring has this tale of a temblor! It was all over in a few seconds, thirty at the outside. While scientists will be quick to attribute the cause to internal convulsions of nature, we are impelled to look in another direction for this mighty shuddering of Mother Earth. We cannot forget that at or about the time of the seismic disturbance Congressman William Lorimer, the "blond boss" of Chicago, was elected to the United States senate to succeed Senator Hopkins of Aurora and in sympathy with this political upheaval was the physical agitation noted. For, alas, Lorimer's feet are of clay. Hopkins is a poor enough senatorial timber, but he is a cabinet work by comparison. Years ago, when Lorimer was connected with the municipal administration of Chicago, he was involved in a most unpleasant scandal, which resulted in his retirement from office. But, although temporarily discouraged, he quickly recovered lost prestige and for the last decade and a half has been a political power in the city that once discredited him. We have no tears to shed for Hopkins' defeat, but our commiseration is extended to the great state of Illinois in view of the election of "Billy" Lorimer to the United States senate. No wonder the earth trembled. Not since "Billy"

Mason bore off a toga from Springfield has the Illinois capital seen a more deplorable finish to a prolonged senatorial deadlock.

In resigning his position as director of the census, S. N. D. North has shown great discretionary judgment. Ever since President Whitman of the American Association of Wool Manufacturers admitted to the house ways and means committee that he paid five thousand dollars to North, when the latter was acting as confidential clerk to the senate finance committee, which had in charge the framing of the wool schedule of the Dingley tariff bill, public opinion has decided that the services of the director of the census could be dispensed with. It is useless for Mr. North to assert that he had a right to accept the big fee from the wool manufacturer in his capacity of private citizen. The facts are against him. He was performing trusted clerical duties for the finance committee of the senate, for which he was paid by the government. That he had an understanding with Mr. Whitman has been clearly proved and that the wool manufacturers secured higher duty on wool tops than on yarns, partly through the kindly offices of Mr. North, is not to be doubted. Mr. Whitman told the ways and means committee that the sum turned over to the obliging clerk was a present from the association, which realized that his salary was small and that he was entitled to additional remuneration. Noble corporation! Self-sacrificing Mr. North! But the country can well spare him from its employ.

If the predictions concerning the disposition of the estate of the late Henry H. Rogers prove true, of the oil magnate's fortune of upward of one hundred million dollars, charitable institutions are to reap but little. His home town of Fairhaven may get a small bequest, but, according to friends of the family, the vast estate is to be equally divided among the surviving wife and four children. Should this report prove true, it need occasion no great surprise. A study of the Rogers career does not reveal a marked tendency to philanthropy at any stage and in bequeathing his accretions to his next of kin the multi-millionaire simply followed his natural impulses. In this respect Mr. Rogers was not unlike the late Marshall Field of Chicago, who left an estate of similar magnitude. Save for his bequest in support of the Field Museum, all his hundred millions went to his family, charity getting but a beggarly slice. How could it be otherwise? The man who can accumulate so huge a sum in a single lifetime must do so at the expense of all the finer feelings that usually sway mankind. If they had been present in him the hundred millions would be missing, that is all.

No more striking evidence of the difference in public estimation of horse racing in this country and England could be adduced than the spectacle presented Wednesday, following the winning of the historic Derby by King Edward's brown colt, Minoru. It is customary, after the stewards have announced their decision, for the owner of the victorious entrant to lead his horse, personally, into the weighing room. Amid tremendous enthusiasm, King Edward descended from the royal box to perform this time-honored task, and the cable dispatches tell us that members of the jockey club made a line through which his majesty passed and as the king went by they raised their hats. Great Britain's ruler was conducted by a detachment of police and a number of track officials to the finishing post. Arrived there he grasped the bridle of Minoru on one side while trainer Marsh held the other. We are further informed that Queen Alexandra, the prince and princess of Wales and other members of the royal family, were present and were really excited and pleased by the victory, showing that we are all alike under the skin, as Mr. Kipling has observed, regarding women. It will be a long time before this sport of English kings becomes a social affair of the highest prominence in America. It might be, if the game were conducted on the square, but so long as fixed races, bribed jockeys, unscrupulous owners and vicious bookmakers are in the ascendant the sport is bound to lag and be frowned upon by the better element of society.

We should not forget when reading the animadversions upon Theodore Roosevelt, hunter of wild beasts in Africa, made by Dr. William J. Long, nature writer, erstwhile flayed by the President for alleged nature-faking, that the special dispatches purporting to give an account of the Roosevelt game-bagging expeditions, and which Dr. Long so severely criticises, are probably untrue. Mr. Roosevelt, in fact, has issued

warning statements, decrying the false reports in circulation concerning his party, hence we must look askance upon the various stories afloat professing to give graphic details of his sportsmanship. We find Dr. Long, however, ready to accept these unauthorized reports as gospel truth, as witness:

In one dispatch I notice that when he could not find buffalo he had to content himself by shooting warthogs and other inoffensive creatures. As the buffaloes are fast disappearing from Africa, and as Mr. Roosevelt had already killed several, why in the name of science should he go out to kill more, and why, failing to find buffaloes, should he content himself by slaughtering other creatures?

Possibly, he did shoot a warthog and "other inoffensive creatures," as charged, but in view of the Rooseveltian manifesto, we are inclined to be skeptical on that point, as well as others over which Critic Long waxes satirical. In addition to nature-fakirs, we might remind the Stamford ex-minister that news fakirs in great numbers abound.

District Attorney Jerome of New York is a candidate for re-election and as such he is meeting the criticisms heaped upon him of late by those patriotic publications, the New York World and Mr. Hearst's Journal. Jerome has been accused of suppressing information concerning the death of William C. Whitney, to accomplish which it had been alleged the Metropolitan railway interests had exerted powerful pressure. He told his inquisitors of the People's Institute at Cooper Union, Wednesday night, to whose catechising he had made voluntary submission, that Mr. Whitney's death was not of man's seeking, but solely of God's direction; that he had made a thorough examination into all the circumstances and was satisfied of the falsity of the accusations. For three hours Jerome skillfully parried the cross-fire of questions hurled at him. Among other refutations he declared that Thomas F. Ryan, charged with traction manipulation, had committed no crime, that he found no evidence to warrant the indictment of John A. McCall, former president of the New York Life Insurance Company, and that a grand jury, after hearing all the evidence in the so-called ice trust investigation, failed to return any indictment. As to the insurance scandals, Mr. Jerome pointed out that he had obtained fifty-six indictments, which included practically all the really important officials except four. Of these he said, "one is dead and one has lost his mind; against the other two not a scintilla of evidence was ever obtained." Despite the good impression he made, the district attorney did not succeed in getting a vote of confidence from the meeting. It looks as if Mr. Jerome were facing the effort of his life in seeking another term.

WM. FAVERSHAM AS ACTOR-MANAGER

His Work in "The World and His Wife" Lifts Him Out of the Matinee Hero Class

William Faversham is to be congratulated upon the close of a most successful season, his first as an actor-manager. He has attained the goal that so many actors strive to reach. He can now produce what he pleases, and in staging the plays himself he can present them as he pleases. He has produced several plays this winter in New York, possibly the most interesting being "The World and His Wife," an adaptation by Charles Frederick Nirdlinger of the Spanish drama "El Gran Galeoto," by Jose Echegaray.

Hitherto-neglected Spain is proving a rich storehouse for the exploiter of foreign plays as well as for the seeker after other art treasures. The modern Spanish play is astonishingly virile in conception and beautifully worked out, technically. In "El Gran Galeoto," Echegaray not only has an absorbingly interesting story, but back of it he has a great moral idea, through it he teaches a great moral truth. No one ought to be able to see this play without becoming a bit more careful of the use he puts his tongue to—and his ears. "The World and His Wife" is a particularly apt title, it suggests the omnipresence of the galeoto, the voracious maw of the scandalmonger, into which ready credence and malicious intent pour their venom.

* * *

Three persons are concerned in the play—the usual triangle, two men and a woman. But, unlike the usual triangle, these three are the best of friends and wish only to maintain the most honorable of relationships. The world and his wife, however, will not have it so. With every wish to disregard what the world is saying and live their lives purely and happily, they are pushed against their wills into a false situation. They are utterly helpless in the hands of rumor. There is no escape from the net that is drawn about them, except through a tragedy. Echegaray has drawn an inspiration from Paolo and Francesca, the wonderful love story that has been told and retold so exquisitely, but in this play it is the husband and not the young lover who dies.

* * *

Don Ernesto, a young and attractive man, is visiting Don Julian and his wife, who love each other devotedly. He is like a younger brother in the house, and everything possible is done for his happiness. Teodora accepts him in the spirit of purest friendship, and the three live together in the greatest harmony. Presently the world begins to take notice and talk. Alvarez, who does not appear upon the scene, starts and keeps alive the rumors. These are repeated faithfully to Julian by his brother, Severo, and Mercedes, his wife, performs the same kind office for Teodora. Finally the seeds of jealousy take root. Julian sees his wife talking to Ernesto at a dinner party. "Ernesto," he calls, but Ernesto is absorbed and does not hear. "Ernesto!" The attention of every one else is attracted. "Ernesto!" Ernesto turns, but Julian has called three times, and the fat is in the fire.

Later, Captain Beaulieu refers to this. "I only saw them together once," he says, "and that was in company. 'Yes,' comes the answer. 'Suppose a hundred people saw them once, that is the same as if one person saw them a hundred times, or two persons fifty times, or five, twenty times.' 'Well,' says the captain, 'what the world takes for smoke is nothing but a little dust kicked up by a lot of busybodies.' The busybodies kick up the dust so assiduously that Ernesto finally quits the house and takes a studio, preparatory to leaving Madrid. Before he can get away he is insulted by Alvarez, so that a duel is forced upon him to protect the name of Teodora. News of the quarrel reaches Teodora and she writes a note to Ernesto, merely trying to avert the duel, for her husband's sake, whose right it is to protect her. Julian and Severo coming to say good-bye to Ernesto in his absence find the note on the table and the sight of his wife's handwriting and Severo's innuendoes arouse in Julian a suspicion that he must work off. He rushes into the corridor where the duel is to take place and meets Alvarez.

* * *

Meanwhile, Ernesto returns, and Teodora, worried at not receiving an answer to her note, comes in person to plead. Before she can extract a promise from Ernesto not to fight Alvarez, there is a tumult and Teodora, knowing that she will be compromised if she is found there, turns to leave, but egress is blocked on both sides. She takes refuge in the bedroom. Immediately the room is in a turmoil. Julian has been wounded and they are seeking a place to lay him. Ernesto, thinking that Teodora has gone, throws the door

Antithesis

From the blackest soil on the mountain
Spring the sweetest flowers that grow,
And the darkest cloud in the heavens
Sends earth the purest snow.

From the deepest griefs of affliction
Grow our strongest faith and love,
And the keenest pain that befalls us
God blesses from above.

—B. D. SCOTT.

of the bedroom open. He recoils and is about to close the door again when Teodora, realizing that her husband is hurt, rushes out and takes him in her arms. Nothing can now make Julian believe that the note he saw was not written to arrange a rendezvous. The curtain falls on the second act as Ernesto rushes out to kill Alvarez.

In the evening Teodora makes an effort to see her husband, but Severo has taken possession of the house and refuses her access to Julian, whose life hangs on a thread. Ernesto forces his way into the house against Severo's orders and sees Teodora. She tells him that she does not wish to see him again, but he refuses to go until he has made his peace with Julian. Julian hears their voices and, though he is dying, comes to find them "together as always." With his curse upon them, he staggers away and dies almost instantly. Then Teodora is allowed to see him. In the midst of her grief Severo demands that she leave the house. Then only does Ernesto proclaim his love. In an impassioned speech he tells Severo that no word of love has ever before crossed his lips, no thought of love ever come into Teodora's mind, that Severo alone is responsible for bringing them together and that he alone is responsible for Julian's death.

* * *

The play is so strong that it is virtually actor proof; it would take exceedingly poor acting to obscure either the strength of the situation or the value of the lines, but it needs superlative work to do it justice. The cast was more than ordinarily good, but it was not superlative. Don Julian, played by H. Cooper Cliffe, was, perhaps, the fattest part, for there is an opportunity to run the gamut of the emotions. Mr. Cliffe, however, did not take advantage of his opportunity. He frequently spoiled his effects by a self-consciousness that gave one the impression that he was much more concerned with what the audience might think of Mr. Cliffe than with its opinion of Don Julian. Miss Opp, as Teodora, is good to look at and wears becoming gowns. She plays the role of Teodora as well as those who know her would expect. Berton Churchill, as Severo, is good, but his make-up is so hard that it is difficult to believe that he could be actuated in the disagreeable things that he does by sincere affection for his brother, as we are repeatedly told. Beaulieu, of the British embassy, who furnishes the comedy relief, is well played by Morton Selton.

Ernesto is an excellent role for Mr. Faversham. It is cumulative in interest and gives a beautiful opportunity for emotional work in the outburst at the end of the third act. But, curiously, it touches the head more than the heart, though this may be the result of the play itself rather than an effect of Mr. Faversham's acting. He is essentially romantic, and in breaking away from a position into which he was probably forced against his will, he is to be congratulated on finding a romantic role that requires to be played with the highest art. It is pleasant to think that he is no longer a mere matinee hero. He must now be regarded as an actor-manager of sincere purpose and achievement. It is to be hoped that his ventures will succeed, for at present he is lining himself up distinctly with the forces that make for good in the drama. Next season he intends making an elaborate production of Stephen Phillips' "Herod."

ANNE PAGE.

New York, May 23.

According to Washington advices, Senator Frank P. Flint expects to leave the national capital for home about July 1, by which time, it is believed, the tariff bill will have been disposed of. Soon after the senator returns his friends will begin to launch his campaign for a second term. It is expected that the next municipal election will result in making a fairly reliable alignment of political forces upon which may be based an estimate of the succeeding legislative contests. At this time Senator Flint's adherents see no reason to doubt that local sentiment will conspire in favor of the senator for another six years.

At Sunset

O, the sunset hours!
When the drooping flowers
Close fast in dewy sleep,
And all is still
As the calms that fill
The caverns of the deep!

O, the sunset days!
May they never raise
A harsh, discordant note,
But flow as sweet
As the strains that meet
The ear from the song-bird's throat.

—B. D. SCOTT.

FAMOUS RED LION INN, HIGH BARNET

This summer will see many Americans bowling along the English country lanes in their smart touring cars to the delight of those landlords of country inns that have managed to survive the hard times consequent upon the advent of the railroads. Of course, the old "posting" days are long ago ended, but many towns and villages of England are blossoming once more, due to the modern successors of chariots and postboys. In referring to High Barnet, however, I must hedge on the descriptive phrase. So deliberate, methodical a place as High Barnet can hardly be said to be "blossoming;" its inhabitants would blush at such a giddy suggestion for Barnetonians are a most serious folk. Once a year, however, in September, they break out for their annual fair, when they seem to explode enough excitement to keep them within the bounds of severe decorum for the remaining eleven months. Ever since there was a Great North road, Barnet has lived on travel of all sorts, and the tradition in this year of grace is faithfully maintained by the long procession of somewhat sad-looking bicyclists and more jovial tricyclists one meets ascending Barnet hill on Saturdays and Sundays. But these wheelmen make little of the good old town; the great majority, of course, hail from London, and to stop for more than a minute at a place only eleven miles out would be derogatory to the etiquette of the craft; and so they push on for St. Albans or Hatfield, heeding not the manifold attractions of Chipping or Cheapside Barnet, so-called on account of its market and the historical associations that belong to the place. The story of the battle of Barnet has been often told, and so far as painstaking antiquarian researches can discover, nothing connects that terrible final battle of the Wars of the Roses with the Red Lion, though there can be little or no doubt that, on the site of the present hotel, a house of public entertainment existed five centuries ago, as Barnet town, being on the main road to the north, was full of places for refreshment for man and beast.

* * *

In 1834, when coaching was at its prime, seventy-five business four-in-hands went through the little Middlesex and Hertfordshire border town each way in the twenty-four hours, and some of them changed horses at the Red Lion; but it was essentially a house for the "quality," who, avoiding the public conveyance, "posted" to or from the metropolis. The great majority of the coaches used to change horses at "The Green Man," more toward the center of the town. No one who has ever walked through the high street

prized by the Chinese for its marvelous effects in removing what is termed at times "nervous debility;" but I do not suppose that the South Sea luxury so appreciated by the amorous Mongolian was present at the banquet at the Red Lion.

* * *

Although the Great North road was a favorite haunt of the late Richard Turpin, he rather avoided Barnet as a rule, preferring the lanes around Finchley and Mill Hill from which to start on his predatory expeditions. The truth was, Barnet was too hot to hold him. On one occasion, however, and not long before his legendary ride to York, he had the barefaced audacity to walk into the Red Lion, and entering an apartment now called the "tap," but which was then a kind of coffee room, asked for brandy-and-water. The room was full of travelers bound north, and one of the party recognized Dick as having robbed him on Finchley common eight months before. The effusive Mr. Stiggins was not in it with Turpin when he meant "soft sawder," and in a few minutes the gentleman who had recognized the highwayman was bitterly repending his uncharitable suspicions as to a most worthy man. It seems unkind to say so, but Turpin robbed his friend (and his friend's friends in a coach) shortly after their meeting at the Red Lion, remarking as he rode away with the plunder: "You were so — positive when you just saw me at the Lion that I was 'free on the road,' that by — I had not the heart to disappoint you." From that hour Turpin never again was seen in Barnet by daylight. He disliked the publicity of the place, and infinitely preferred his snug quarters at East Finchley, a house which is today difficult even for a dweller in the neighborhood to discover.

It is not because nowadays the Red Lion is more of a pleasure than a business house that the record of its guests has been all cakes and ale. The "rebel" Scottish lords of "the forty-five," Lord Balmerino and others, afterward beheaded on Tower Hill, slept at the Red Lion on their way to their fortress prison, and the last meal they had outside the Tower of London was at the quaint old Angel, or, more correctly "Angelus" Inn, at Highgate. Many of the luckless rank-and-file of the Scottish Jacobites were confined, previous to a hurried march to London, in the vast stabling that attached to the Red Lion.

* * *

Available legends of the Red Lion are, however, not so many as one would imagine from its position and antiquity. One of the strangest stories clinging to the old house is the following, and it happened to a woman whose grandson is well known:

Posting up from Scotland, Colonel H—— and his beautiful daughter of about seventeen, reached the Red Lion, High Barnet, late one night, and, wishing to avoid the troubles of Finchley common, concluded to remain there till next morning. Unfortunately, every bed was occupied, but after a great deal of haggling, a small room was found for the daughter, the colonel gladly contenting himself with chairs. Miss H—— retired to her garret-like chamber, but not to rest. The traveling and worry had made her uneasy, and a novel she determined on finishing did not induce sleep nor calm her nerves. When the book was read through, in a highly excitable condition, she, girl-like, began to explore the room before going to bed. On either side of the diminutive fireplace were two comparatively shallow cupboards. The first was empty; the second had for its ghastly occupant a corpse, which, falling outward on her, felled the young woman to the ground. It would be difficult to exaggerate the horror of the situation; the shock was a terrible one to the girl, and it was years before the victim could be told in detail that, while her father was insisting on getting a bed for her, a man was actually dying in the bed in the room to which she was taken, and that as soon as the breath was out of his body an unscrupulous landlady had the mortal remains propped up in the cupboard so as to be out of sight, and forgot to remove the key.

Colonel H.'s brother, also well known on the North road many years ago, as posting on military business between Edinburgh and London, had a curious old soldier as a sort of butler-valet, who often accompanied his master up to London. It was this worthy who, when gas had been introduced into Auld Reekie, and he had retired from service, gave verbal notice to the gas company to discontinue the supply.

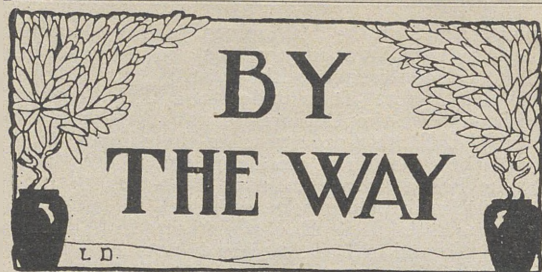
"Is not the light good?" asked the official.

"Oh, ay! the light is verra guid, and the price moderate, but it's a damnable smell it makes when I blow it oot at nicht."

EDWIN A. COOKE.

London, England, May 10.

surrounding country. The coffee room, though slightly modernized, has a cosy look, and here some famous dinners have been served—notably that given in 1879 by the celebrated Pacific Island adventurer, H. P. Angerton, better known as "Jackson of Frisco," whose romantic, eventful, but useful life was treated at some length by Stonchewer Cooper in his well-known "Coral Lands." "Jackson" was famous for his trading in beche de mer—a Polynesian sea-slug highly



John Mott May be an Ambassador

Los Angeles may furnish to President Taft his new ambassador to Mexico, who is said to have been already selected by the powers in Washington. According to a story in circulation this week, that brilliant young attorney, John G. Mott, has the backing of the two California senators for the honor. The position pays \$17,500 a year, and is among the most desirable of the diplomatic posts in the gift of the national administration. In the event the place is conceded to a resident of California, John G. Mott may be struck by the presidential lightning and I am sure he would prove an ideal ambassador. Years ago, in the first administration of Grover Cleveland, California might have been honored in a similar fashion but for the stones that were sought to be thrown, in order that the appointment might go elsewhere. Refugio Del Valle was to have been selected for the place at that time, and he was all but chosen when, because of local jealousies, a patriot from the middle west cow section was awarded the plum. Since then San Diego has received high diplomatic honors through Ambassador Dudley, for years stationed at the capital of Peru, later transferred to Rio Janeiro, and who now is at one of the European courts, I believe. At home, Irving B. Dudley was a police justice. A brother of Capt. Merry of this city is the American minister for Costa Rica and Nicaragua, where he has been accredited for several years. He was appointed from San Francisco.

Paul de Longpre at Honolulu

Paul de Longpre and his wife are enjoying the beauties of Waikiki beach near Honolulu, for he writes enthusiastically of his environment. The great flower painter is enraptured with the luxuriant vegetation and declares that it is the most fascinating as it is the most romantic change he has ever experienced. He says the richness of color of the flowers cannot be described with pen or brush—they have to be seen, as every tree, every plant, is so totally different from the flora of America or of Europe that the eyes positively get confused at the wonderful display of nature's beauties. He is bathing on an average of twice a day, his eyesight is greatly improved and for six weeks he is forgetting the whole world and living in Paradise. He and Mrs. De Longpre are planning to return to their Hollywood home June 23, but a Honolulu trip, he asserts, is to be of annual recurrence after this experience. At a recent concert of the Hawaiian band in Emma square, Honolulu, De Longpre's Spanish Waltz and "Salute to the United States" arrangements were played.

Billy Mines Calls it "Heavenly"

Another Los Angeleno who is enraptured with Honolulu is my friend "Billy" Mines, of Mines & Farish. Mr. and Mrs. Mines sailed for the islands about a month ago and a postal card from "Billy," just received, announces a fine trip and great improvement in his health. Like Paul de Longpre, he regards Honolulu as "a heavenly place," and he is unselfish enough to wish I were there enjoying Paradise with him. Well, I would like to revisit the islands. Nearly thirty years have elapsed since I sailed out of the port, bound for New Zealand, delayed remittances on a round-the-world trip having necessitated a temporary battle for daily bread—and transportation. I shall never forget my first flight aloft, either. The head winds were fierce after we were well under way, and when I came on deck at midnight with the port watch, of which I was a member, having signed articles as ordinary seaman, the order came to jump aloft and furl the sails. My experience in the upper regions of a vessel to that time had been confined to catboats and similar fresh-water craft, and I had no desire to crawl aloft in the teeth of a gale in pitchy darkness. So I hid behind a coil of rope, whence I was rudely ejected by a harsh second mate, who, with an oath, ordered me to follow the watch. I looked at the rope's end he flourished, gave one despairing glance at the shrouds and—jumped into them. I was greeted by cries of "hang on with your eyebrows, Johnny!" when my head emerged above the footrope, along which my mates were spread, furling the mainsail. And I hung on like grim

death. After that first experience I greatly enjoyed the experience aloft. As I was light and active, my station was at the extreme end of the main-to'-gallant-s'l. Dear me! and that was thirty years ago!

Arthur Letts' Loyal Plans Abroad

Next Thursday, Arthur Letts with his wife, son and two daughters will start east on a four months' outing in Europe. I notice that the esteemed dailies gave Sunday as Mr. Letts' initiatory traveling day, but I was satisfied the president of the Y. M. C. A. would have scruples against beginning his vacation on the Lord's Day, and inquiry developed I was right. I understand that this loyal Los Angeleno will carry with him more than one hundred slides, depicting the glories of the Southern California metropolis, which he will reveal in the course of his wanderings abroad to such audiences as express a keen desire to know more of this part of California than a verbal description will afford. In this thoughtful act of Mr. Letts' is reflected the typical spirit of the average Los Angeleno who neglects no opportunity to advertise his home city. Bon voyage and a safe return to the successful merchant and his family.

As George I. Cochran Sees Conditions

George I. Cochran, president of the Pacific Mutual Life Insurance Company, who, with his wife and brother-in-law, John F. Roche, returned last week from an extended inspection trip of the various agencies of the company, is highly pleased with the result of his observations. In the eastern states, particularly, Mr. Cochran found conditions greatly improved, as compared with a year ago. The gloom inspired by the monetary depression is now almost entirely dissipated, and a spirit of optimism is prevalent that augurs well for the future. He found the company agents alert and with lots of new business in hand, the impression being general among them that the country was on the eve of a great reawakening with conditions better than ever. "With the positive settlement of the tariff question," said Mr. Cochran to me, "one way or the other, just so long as merchants know what to face, big buying orders will be placed and business all over the country will hum."

Big Gas and Power Merger Falls Through

There is to be no electric light, gas and power combine, at least not for the present. The proposed consolidation of such interests in Los Angeles and throughout Southern California has been postponed indefinitely. Readers of The Graphic will recall that from time to time in the last three years there have been repeated reports of a contemplated consolidation. A consummation of the project was about to take place less than a month ago when, at an advanced stage of the amalgamation, parties in interest found they could not agree upon details. Just what particular stumbling block intervened those who know decline to state. This much, however, is certain: The Los Angeles Gas & Electric Company, the Edison Electric Company, the City Gas Company, and the Pacific Light & Power Company, the two latter practically one concern, were on the eve of getting together, in a hundred million dollar corporation, when the Cline interests flew the track and the proposed merger went to pieces. Indications now are that the plan will fail entirely, although a few of the bold spirits in the recent abortive effort profess to be convinced that at an early day another and a more successful attempt to amalgamate is a certainty.

Harry Sinclair to Go North

Harry Sinclair, one of the really big electric power experts in Southern California, if not in the world, is about to forsake the Edison interests in order to duplicate, up around San Francisco bay, the remarkable success his genius created down this way. For it was Sinclair, who, about ten years ago, took what then were a few electric energy remnants and, piecing the scraps, made of the whole one of the most notable financial and material successes the industrial world has known. It was Sinclair's genius, coupled with "Jack" Miller's capacity for finding real money in a pinch, that gave to Southern California the thirty million dollar Edison company, a concern created out of practically nothing, and that in less than ten years.

Drawing on Los Angeles for Talent

All that, of course, is ancient history. What is of present interest is that when Edwin A. Hawley and his associates, among them George J. Gould, needed an electric energy wizard, they came to Los Angeles, and in the person of Harry A. Sinclair they are convinced they have found

the one genius who can duplicate for them in the north what he achieved for himself and for others in the south. I am told that Sinclair's salary is to be \$20,000 a year, and that he was offered a contract for five, ten or twenty years. But he preferred to be left untrammelled and declined to be bound. As Harry Sinclair is worth upward of a million dollars, the greater part of it made through the Edison company, his desire to remain free is not strange. I am told that he will take with him A. L. Selig, at present assistant to the president of the Edison company, himself a power commodity expert of high merit. Selig entered the Edison employ about ten years ago as a collector at about \$65 a month. His rise has been substantial, and when he begins his new duties in the north his stipend will be in the neighborhood of \$6,500 a year.

Strictly a Non-Union Tale

This is a non-union tale. Frank Naud is responsible for it. He tells the story from the viewpoint of an eyewitness and solemnly swears to its truthfulness. It happened the other morning. As he stood on the corner, out near his home, he saw an elderly man trying to shake a full-grown rat from a cage. The fact that two dogs, a black-and-tan and an Irish setter, were leaping upward in a fever of impatience to get at the captive probably accounted for the rat's reluctance to take advantage of the open door. Meanwhile, the street car drew perceptibly nearer and the man with the cage waxed nervous. Still the rat clung to his quarters. Suddenly, the dogs rested and looked around at the approaching car. That moment Mr. Rat slid out and, like a flash, headed across the asphalt pavement toward a vacant lot opposite. Simultaneously the street car paralleled the crowd that had gathered. The rat dodged under the forward trucks. His nearest pursuer, the Irish setter, could not stop his terrific flight and followed. The black-and-tan made a detour. The next instant there was heard an agonizing yelp, the passengers felt a slight jar, and when the car came to a halt, the black setter lay in equal halves on either side the down trail. The rat escaped.

Wallace Needed No Defense

Councilman Wallace insisting that he is not corporation owned should put an end to stories that have been in circulation at the city hall for more than two years. They who know the member from the Fifth ward needed no such assurances as were publicly given at the city hall last Tuesday. Mr. Wallace is one of the most capable men who ever sat in the city council, and the attempt to make it appear that he has been under corporate influence since he has been of the legislative branch of the municipal government is manifestly unjust. Incidentally, it may be added here, that, with the retirement from public life of George Alexander, Councilman A. J. Wallace is likely to prove a formidable aspirant for mayor on the anti-machine Republican ticket, next fall.

Dr. Lindley's Study Trip Abroad

I have been following Dr. Walter Lindley's study trip abroad with no little interest. His description of a visit to Stratford-on-Avon, Shakespeare's birthplace, April 23, was a graphic story of the celebration of the master bard's anniversary, and his investigations of the treatment of physically deficient children of London and Paris I am given to understand have yielded the doctor much valuable information. These studies of the care of the destitute, neglected and delinquent children of England and France are made on behalf of the State Charities Aid Association of New York and of California. As president of the Whittier Reform School, Dr. Lindley was deeply interested in the methods pursued by the industrial schools and reformatories of Great Britain, the most important of which he visited personally. In France he found that many children are put out in agricultural homes, and the commune furnishes the family with which the child lives with clothing, medical attendance and a small monthly allowance in cash.

France and the Dependent Children

"As a result of this," notes Dr. Lindley, "these children, as a rule, remain on the soil and do not drift back to the cities and are far better prepared to go successfully through the world than they would be with an institution training. They are compelled to attend the public schools and inspectors keep a watchful eye on their guardians. I was assured by one authority in France that a lower proportion of these children, when they grow up, get into jail than of the general population. After the children attain thirteen years of age an endeavor is made to place them in a po-

sition where they can earn something. The government is the legal guardian of these children until they reach the age of twenty-one. After the children obtain employment, a certain part of their wages is deposited in a bank by the government. As a rule the children have about 300 francs when they come of age. This sum, they tell me, helps the girls to get married and the young men to start in business." The observant doctor will be home about June 15, and I shall await with interest the official report of his researches.

Bits of Banking Gossip

More than a score of the bankers of the city are in attendance at the annual state meeting of their guild—or shall I say, craft—up in Del Monte. Among the Los Angelans are Willis Booth, who besides being president of the chamber of commerce, is acting head of the Equitable Savings Bank, in the absence of President W. J. Washburne of that institution, now en route to Europe. President J. M. Elliott of the First National, who is just home from the east, brings back the comforting assurance that financial and business conditions are much sounder in Los Angeles than they are in New York or in other cities that make more profession to being of greater importance, financially and commercially, than does the Southern California metropolis.

Baldwin Inheritance Tax Figures

About \$1,500,000 is the amount that will be absorbed by the state when it comes to settling the estate of the late E. J. Baldwin, who for years was known as the king of Arcadia. It will be the largest by far ever paid into the public treasury, at one time, as inheritance taxes. In his lifetime, the decedent had more than one dispute with the tax gathering powers relative to his payments for the support of the state, and the fact that such a large part of his fortune finally is to find its way into the public treasury would seem to be a sort of retributive justice. The estate is being administered as rapidly as possible and the indications are that the heirs will secure quicker action in this particular than has been known in the history of California property adjudication.

Collier's Unfair Attack on Oscar Lawler

Collier's, in a recent issue, went for Oscar Lawler roughshod, to say the least, making more than one accusation against the former United States district attorney that is unjust. Mr. Lawler's appointment as assistant United States attorney general is said to have been forced by the Southern Pacific through Senator Frank P. Flint, the intimation being that he is not particularly well fitted for the office. This does the brilliant young lawyer a rank injustice. Not only is he eminently capable of doing full credit to the position, but his high ideals remove him almost entirely from the classification sought to label him by Collier's. Doubtless he owes his appointment to Senator Flint, but the two are warm friends. True, too, is it that Mr. Lawler has always trained with the political faction known as the regular Republican organization, but I chance to know that on more than one occasion he has protested against methods which his rather Puritan conscience did not approve. I have a high regard for Mr. Lawler, and, although he is well able to take care of himself, I cannot let opportunity pass without deprecating the unfairness of the Collier attack.

May Lose John B. Elliott

Los Angeles is to lose John B. Elliott, the able representative of the Associated Press in the southwest, I fear. He has earned promotion, however, and for that I rejoice. His immediate superior is Paul Cowles, Pacific coast superintendent of the big news-gathering agency at San Francisco, who is to be transferred to Washington, soon after June 1, taking Mr. Elliott with him. It is barely possible that John will decline the alluring offer, but the odds are in favor of his acceptance. I understand Paul Cowles' successor at San Francisco is to take charge June 1.

Shriners' Unique Spectacle

For Monday night there is to be a unique spectacle scheduled at Shrine auditorium, at which many curious folk have been aching for years to take even a peep. Al Malaikah is to open wide its doors and show how ceremonial sessions are conducted, when all sorts of fantastic things happen to unfortunate neophytes. Such a performance never before has been given here or elsewhere, so far as known. The committee in charge of the caravan is composed of Will D. Stephens, Fred A. Hines, Perry W. Weidner, J. Ross Clark and Gen. Robert Wankowski, whose personnel assures a good time. Al Malaikah's drill

corps will leave next Thursday by special train for Louisville, where the annual meeting of the national Shrine council is to be held this year. Los Angeles will take east Fred A. Hines, who is now pretty close to the top in the order. It is to assist in advertising the city that the Monday night show is given; the receipts being set aside for that purpose. Among the "high lights" to accompany the drill corps are such expert "boosters" as Walter Parker, Herbert D. Cornish, W. P. Jeffries, "Ollie" Brodie and others of almost as persistent a personality. A feature of the trip will be a newspaper that will be issued daily en route.

Louis Spruance in Charge

My boyhood friend, Louis Spruance—L. J. C.—the potentate of the Shrine, will be in charge of the expedition as the official head, but the real majordomo will be Fred Herr of the Union Pacific, who has planned all sorts of comforts for his guests. Four special Pullmans have been ordered from Chicago, a dynamo car will give electric light to the train, which will be furnished with a library, observation car and a swell diner that will remain throughout the trip. About one hundred members have signified their intention of going and genuine California hospitality will prevail from start to finish, the refreshments being all of home-grown vintage. The party will hurry back to participate in the Elks' festivities in July. L. Frank Baum of the "Wizard of Oz" fame, who was here a few days ago, on his way home from Coronado, has written a song for the traveling Shriners which will be sung to the tune of "Dixie," at the California headquarters at Louisville, where, by the way, Los Angeles will be advertised liberally by the presentation to visitors of tiny bottles of olives, small flasks of California wine and oranges. This is the Baum Shrine song:

O, way southwest, in the land of posies,
Oranges, olives, nuts and roses,
We're away, today, to play, and be gay.
Our Arab Patrol is Malaikah's hope,
We're the pride of the blue Pacific slope.
Hold on, hold on, hold on, to the rope!
We've traveled far to Dixie,
Zem zem, Zem zem,
Our lemons we can recommend,
But we never hand one to a friend,
Zem zem, Zem zem.
We're glad we've come to Dixie,
Zem zem, Zem zem.
We're here to capture Dixie.

We are here for fun, we are on the run,
For a stein for a Shriner every one.
Look away, hooray, yea, yea, happy day!
We are Angels from Los Angeles,
We're Billikins from the western seas,
We can stand hot sand, with any band, in the land,
We've come to join the conclave,
Zem zem, Zem zem.
In Louisville we'll get our fill
Of "con" and "clave," we surely will,
Zem zem, Zem,
Hurrah for the Louisvillians!
We'll shout for Louisville.

Trowel Escort Was "Easy"

I am told that members of the "trowel" escort had parlorous experiences in the City of Mexico with professional pickpockets. I know of one pilgrim who wired to Los Angeles for additional funds to carry him home, rather than confess to his associates that he had been "done." As another instance of guilelessness of the wanderers, I may mention that a tramp boarded the special train, insisting that he was a railroad engineer who had accidentally permitted his cab to run over an inhabitant of the country. For this mishap he was in serious danger of being jailed for a long term unless assisted to leave the scene of his troubles. He was enrolled as one of the steward's helpers and given a free ride north. The Los Angeles banker whose relationship had been claimed by the pseudo engineer, needless to say, had never heard of his alleged nephew. Such easy marks as that trowel escort proved!

Taft Due Here in August

According to present plans, President and Mrs. Taft will arrive in Los Angeles in August, where they will be guests of Dr. and Mrs. William A. Edwards, brother-in-law and sister of the President. After a four of five days' visit, they will go east by way of New Orleans via the Southern Pacific. That, at least, is a bare outline of the itinerary, subject, of course, to revision later. Advices from the national capital are to the effect that the bill authorizing an appropriation for the presidential expenses is certain to secure congressional approval before the end of the present extraordinary session.

Problem for General Smith

Another distinguished visitor Los Angeles is likely to entertain soon is Col. Smith, late gov-

ernor-general of the Philippines, who will come this way from Washington for the purpose of holding a conference with what is left of the local democracy. It is understood that General Smith is to be the Democratic nominee for governor of California next year, in the event a survey of the situation at close range convinces him that he has a chance to win. Whether or not General Smith, while here, will seek to enlist in his support the I. B. Dockweiler or the William R. Burke brand of Los Angeles democracy I have not been able to learn.

Captain Chappellear's Good Record

Home on a two months' leave is Captain Louis S. Chappellear of the coast artillery, U. S. A., which reminds me that this Los Angeles boy, who is now visiting his father (of the district attorney's office), was mustered out in San Francisco in December, 1898, as first lieutenant of Company F, Seventh regiment. In July, 1899, he was commissioned second lieutenant in the Volunteer U. S. army, and a year later was promoted to first lieutenant of volunteers. Upon the return of the volunteers to the United States he remained in the Philippine Islands, and was commissioned first lieutenant in the regular service. November 26, 1906, he was commissioned captain in the coast artillery. Since his appointment as first lieutenant in regular service he has been stationed in the Philippines, Alaska, in the northwest at Fort Lawson and Fort Flager, then transferred to Fort Monroe, Va., Fort Barranca, Fla., and Fort Jackson, La. In October, 1902, the young lieutenant was married to Miss Peabody at Skagway, Alaska. Captain Chappellear is at present on detached service, having been ordered to report to the commanding officer of the presidio at San Francisco, upon the expiration of his leave of absence, July 15. His friends here, which include Champ Vance and General Mathews, who were instrumental in getting him his first appointment to the army, are proud of the young officer's record. While in command of the ninety-first company of coast artillery, at Fort Jackson, New Orleans, his men made the highest score at target practice of any company in the artillery service of the United States army for 1908, for which Captain Chappellear was commended, through his commanding officer, emanating from Secretary of War Taft. May he soon get his majority promotion.

A Fool's Paradise

The water whispered drowsily that balmy night in June,
And high above the mad stars danced and mocked the lazy moon.

Into the misty shadow clouds that bounded every side,
As in a dream just You and I went drifting with the tide.

From out the silent spaces came a lover's plaintive song,
And floated softly on the breeze that wafted us along.

I dared not sing my song to you, and yet I knew you knew;
Each wave that plashed against the boat had told my tale to you—

'Twas but a story ages old, yet in your tender eyes I thought I saw an answer gleam as sweet as paradise.

I know I was a fool to dream—but could a foolish churl
Remember it was summertime—and you a summer girl?

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In the British Museum are treasured the oldest dolls in the world. They were found in the tomb of Egyptian children and among them are several 4,000 years old. Where dolls originated, whether as part of a religious ceremony or simply as the concrete form of the mother instinct in little girls, is lost in shades of oblivion, before written records were. Wherever there are records of men, there also is the doll in one form or another, so its development goes hand in hand with man's, and expresses him in some degree.

Among royalty presents of dolls often were exchanged to show the reigning fashions. The oldest doll in America lives in Montgomery county, Maryland. She was brought by William Penn in 1699 for his daughter, Letitia; she is still in good condition, although the cherished companion of several generations of little Quakeresses. Many wonderful collections of dolls have been made, the largest and most remarkable being that of the princess mother of the queen of Roumania. It numbers more than a thousand manikins, many of them life size, dressed in national or historic costumes. At a public exhibition of this collection, in 1899, the dolls were arranged in centuries, beginning with the daughter of an Egyptian king of year 1500 B. C., and ending with the new woman on a bicycle. Queen Victoria's collection of one hundred and thirty-two was rich in sentiment and memories; they were dressed by the queen's own hands. Queen Wilhelmina adored her dolls, of which she had many. When they displeased her she threatened to make them queens for punishment.

Madam Max Heinrich of La Jolla has a unique collection. Her favorite is "Olive," the hair of whose head once grew upon the lovely head of Ellen Terry. "The Doll Book" tells of these and many more, as well as of the fetish dolls, religious dolls and the manufacture of all kinds. Laura B. Starr is the writer of the book, and her own collection is an important one, while her interest in her subject is infectious. Prof. G. Stanley Hall, in a paper on dolls, viewed from the educational standpoint, says: "The educational value of dolls is enormous, it educates the heart and will, even more than the intellect, and to learn how to control and apply it will be to discover a new instrument in education of the very highest potency." ("The Doll Book." By Laura B. Starr. The Outing Publishing Co.)

An Introduction to Poetry

In the London Academy of recent date appeared an extended review of "An Introduction to Poetry" by Raymond Macdonald Alden, just published by Holt & Co. The reviewer is T. S. Osmond, an authority on the subject, who says in part: "It is much more than a treatise on versification. Of its six chapters the first three—nearly half the book—deal with substance, rather than form. . . . But it is probably the last three chapters, dealing with rhythm, meters, feet, rhyme and assonance, stanza form, etc., which will be found both most interesting to the critic and most useful to the learner. The discussion of rhythm is particularly good, holding the balance between rival theories, not making 'accents' or 'stresses' the beginning and end of the matter, recognizing the importance of time measure, taking due account of 'rests' and distinguishing between the methods of music and of verse. Two streams of sound pass constantly through the inner ear of one who understands or appreciates the rhythm of our verse; one, never found in the real sounds which are uttered, is the absolute rhythm, its equal time intervals moving on in infinitely perfect progression; the other represented by the actual movement of the verse, is constantly shifting by quickening, retarding, strengthening or weakening its sounds, yet always hovers along the line of the perfect rhythm, and bids the ear refer to that perfect rhythm, the succession of its pulsations." Elsewhere the writer speaks of rhythm as a chain of innumerable equal links moving past the

artist at a fixed rate of speed, into which he inserts sounds, without altering the speed further than by slight temporary accelerations or retardations; and points out that while a musician can create sounds of exactly the required duration, a poet must choose among previously existing sounds and take those that come nearest to what he wants. These sentences, in my belief, go pretty near the root of the matter." The critic quoted further says that American students are more fortunate than English ones, as there is no book in that country that deals adequately with the subject. ("An Introduction to Poetry." By Raymond Macdonald Alden. Henry Holt & Co.)

BROWSINGS IN AN OLD BOOK SHOP

It was with a reminiscent chuckle that I picked up a copy of James and Horace Smith's "Rejected Addresses" in my browsings this week, that clever conceit which captured old London town nearly one hundred years ago. Even they who are familiar with this delightful jeu d'esprit of the two brothers will not resent a brief reminder of the little book whose buoyant fun and gaiety furnished endless amusement for the poets and wits of the British capital in the year 1812, and for two decades thereafter. It will be recalled that with the completion of the new Drury Lane theater, which arose upon the site of the one managed by Richard Brinsley Sheridan, destroyed by fire three years before, the promoters decided to invite the general public to compete for the honor of furnishing the best address, or prologue, with which to open the house. Accordingly, the committee in charge inserted an advertisement in the daily papers, voicing its request, and in response upward of one hundred prologues of all degrees of badness were received, with the well-worn "Phoenix" served with every kind of dressing, as the witty Sheridan has told us. In despair the management rejected the entire batch and commissioned Lord Byron to write the ode, which he did with not the happiest of results.

Naturally, there was great indignation among the candidates when this decision of the junta was announced. Among the competitors were such notables in the literary firmament as Wm. T. Fitzgerald, Mary Russell, Mitford, G. F. Busby, Charles Brinsley Sheridan, Horatio Smith, John Taylor, Charles Masterman, Paul Jodrell, George Lamb and a dimenando of lesser lights completing the hundred odd aspiring authors. The respective demerits of these rejected addresses were so deserving of ridicule that when the original prologues appeared in print they were the butt of the town. The Smith brothers were seized with an inspiration to write a number of parodies in the manner of the most popular poets of the day, and represent them as having been entered in the contest. As Drury Lane theater was to be opened in six weeks, the effect of this whimsical publication would be greatly enhanced, could their pseudo addresses appear simultaneously with the dedication of the new house of amusement. So the two brothers at once set themselves to the work and in a few weeks had completed their self-imposed task.

It was not so easy to find a publisher. The authors were tyros in the literary field and they hawked their clever wares among the booksellers for another week before finding an angel. When the skit appeared, the public hailed it with delight and within seven years the demand for the pasquinade had exhausted sixteen editions. Its art, as Percy Fitzgerald has pointed out, lay in making each specimen parody entertaining in itself, as the one, for instance, purporting to be by George Crabbe, the poet, with its narrative of the loss of the hat, is singularly quaint and humorous. Such well-known poets and writers parodied were Wordsworth, Cobbett, Coleridge, Southey, Crabbe, Byron, Fitzgerald, Scott, Dr. Johnson, George Barnwell, Coleman, Theodore Hook, Tom Moore, Mrs. Robinson, W. Spencer, "Monk" Lewis, Dr. Busby and Dr. Stoddart, editor of the Morning Post. It was a list that lent itself

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(S. F.)

readily to burlesque, because of the peculiarities of style of the originals and the work was done with so light a touch, the several weaknesses of the writers portrayed were so cleverly hit off, that the public was enchanted and the secret of the authorship soon became known.

Curiously enough, the two brothers were in a continuous state of trepidation, following the unexpected popularity of their airy persiflage, lest the feelings of the authors satirized should be lacerated. But such uneasiness was unwarranted. The tone throughout was good-humored, even flattering, and not one of the genus irritable burlesqued ever betrayed soreness on the subject. Lord Byron wrote from Italy to his publisher, Mr. Murray, that were Horace Smith twenty times over his satirist he would forgive him. One of the best parodies of the series is that mimicking Tom Moore, whose tinkling, tripping style is admirably caught. It was written by the younger brother, Horace, who also wrote "A Tale of Drury Lane," attributed to Sir Walter Scott, the sincerity of the description of which, and its solemn grandeur combining to make it an exquisite burlesque. That purporting to be by Crabbe, "The Theater," was written by James, and its deft imitation of the poet's mannerisms delighted even Crabbe's most ardent admirers. It is said that that poet and his mimic met once at the home of William Spencer, another of the victims, when the venerable bard, seizing both the hands of his satirist, exclaimed with a laugh, "Ah, my old enemy; how do you do?"

It is easy to comprehend, even at this late day, why the "Rejected Addresses" leaped into popular esteem and captured all London, holding favor for half a century thereafter. The perfect ease with which they were written, their unflinching good-humor, the airy touch of the satirists combined to commend the parodies to everybody. Perhaps the chief reason for their success is found in Sir Walter Scott's confession that he seemed to have written most of the lines attributed to "W. S." himself. Byron was equally fond of the addresses and is credited

with saying that he regretted he was not the actual author of the "Cui Bono," the parody on himself. They who are interested should not fail to get a copy of these "Rejected Addresses" and enjoy with me a rereading of the delightful satires by James and Horace Smith.

S. T. C.

"Jimbo"

Childish honor and its possibly tragic consequences, is the theme of "Jimbo, a Fantasy," by Algernon Blackwood. It is the story of a little boy, sensitive and imaginative, who is frightened by his governess. When the other children of the house play "Rabbits," between tea time and dinner, Jimbo prefers to sit in his room and stare at the fire or talk to the furniture. This troubles a matter-of-fact father, who does not sympathize with "nonsense," so he employs a governess who is to keep him from becoming a poet. She tells him that "The Empty House" that the children have peopled with their own imaginations and with dreadful delight, is full of bad things, things that will hurt, "and that might run out and catch you when you're passing here alone, and take you back a prisoner." His imagination caught upon this point until fear possessed him, with evil consequences. The story is told minutely with a touch of poetry and understanding that memory only could give. ("Jimbo." By Algernon Blackwood. The Macmillan Co.)

Magazines of the Month

In McClure's Magazine for June the leading feature is an article by George Kibbe Turner on "Tammany's Control of New York by Professional Criminals." William Howard Taft writes of "Judicial Decisions as an Issue in Politics." "Cleveland and the Insurance Crisis" is the subject of an entertaining article by George F. Parker. In scientific vein is the paper by E. T. Brewster on "The Animal Mind for the Inside," and "The Conservation of the Defective Child" by Marion Hamilton Carter. A number of clever fiction stories and poems complete the issue, Elsie Singmaster, P. C. Macfarlane, Hulbert Footner and Viola Roseboro being among the contributors.



By Blanche Rogers Lott

It is one hundred years, Monday, May 31, since the death of Haydn. Cuthbert Hadden, in his fine biography, says, "His was a long, sane, sound and, on the whole, fortunate existence. If he had his time of trial, he never experienced a time of failure. With practical wisdom, he conquered the fates and became eminent. A hard, struggling youth merged into an easy middle age, and later years found him in comfortable circumstances, with a solid reputation as an artist, and a stable retiring allowance from a princely patron, whose house he had served for the better part of his working career."

Before Haydn, no one had thought of an orchestra of eighteen instruments. His first symphony was written for first and second violins, violas, basses, two oboes and two horns. Forty years later, when his last symphony was written, he used "the whole symphonic orchestra as it had stood when Beethoven took up the work of orchestral development." He is credited with being the inventor of the pianissimo and experienced difficulty with the trombone in this innovation. He was the first to introduce the violoncello into the orchestra and has been called the father of instrumental music, as he created the modern forms of the sonata, symphony and string quartet. When urged to finish his oratorio, "The Creation," he said he was a long time about it because he intended it to last a long time, and surely the "long time" is a long ways from ended now.

The recitals of Mr. and Mrs. Thilo Becker will be given Tuesday evening, June 8, and Saturday afternoon, June 12, instead of the dates previously announced. One often wonders if the superior work done by teachers is appreciated by the public at large. Mr. Becker has been a musical power here for years; his pupils have been from the ranks of some of our best professionals. The advantages of a resident musician of Mr. Becker's character cannot be overestimated, and these recitals will give the public the opportunity of proving to these two musicians that they are appreciated.

Olga Steeb, Mr. Becker's talented pupil, who is now in London, is to play at the Royal Albert Hall there soon.

Krauss quartet gave a concert in Redlands, Thursday evening, under the auspices of the Spinnet Club.

Of encouraging interest to lovers of chamber music here in the west is an item from the Stockholm, Sweden, representative of the Musical Courier, which reads: "Sad to relate, the interest for good chamber music is limited here, while concerts of amateurs always are crowded."

The Graphic especially realizes the loss occasioned by the death of that beautiful singer, Mrs. Frank H. Colby, wife of the well-known organist. She was a lovely woman and a true musician. The sympathy of the musical fraternity goes out to Mr. Colby.

Miss Marcia Craft, of whose coming visit mention was made last week, gave a concert in Boston the other day. An exchange likens her to Farrar, possessed of musical power of impersonation, special knowledge of pose and facial expression. She had the assistance of the composer, Mrs. H. H. A. Beach.

Ellen Beach Yaw has come to Southern California for the summer months and is at Covina.

Mexico City is building the most beautiful opera house on the American continent. The main auditorium is about the size of the Grand Opera House of Paris, but the building will be much larger, about three times the size of the Paris building. The government will use portions of the building for its own use, but, as owners, will charge no rental to first-class com-

panies that will give classic operas and dramas. The building will cost five million dollars, irrespective of marble and other material, and will be finished in 1911.

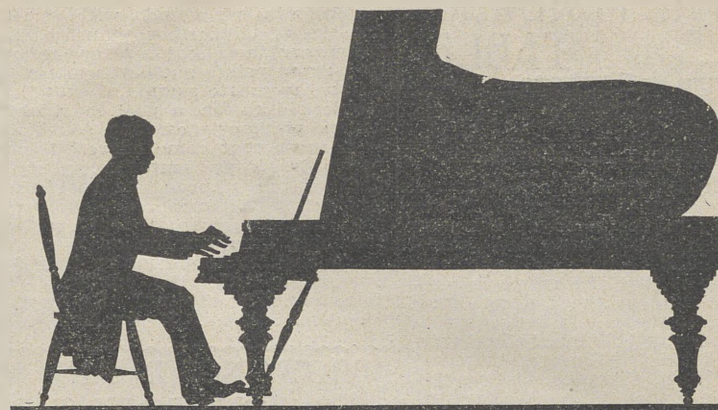
The Woman's Orchestra made a huge success of the concert given by the two orchestras, its own and the Los Angeles Symphony Orchestra, last week. Great praise is due this organization for conceiving and carrying out so laudable an undertaking. It was a wise move, having the civic "powers that be" present to see what the resources of music in Los Angeles are. The program was capitally presented. Both soloists, Mrs. Bishop and Mr. Krauss, did superior work. In Mrs. Bishop's solo, "Let the Bright Seraphim" (Samson), she was at her best. As an interpreter of oratorio, Mrs. Bishop is not surpassed, and this fact was evidenced again at this concert. Mr. Krauss once more demonstrated his right to the high place he holds in the musical life of the city. One had to admire his remaining with the orchestra until the number preceding his solo and returning to it immediately after a taxing solo and encore. The work of the orchestra itself was a surprise, for in so large a number, and some of them amateurs, and a limited number of rehearsals, one was prepared to overlook much, but it was not necessary. With rare exceptions the Schubert "Unfinished Symphony" was creditably given, and the "Overtures to Hamlet" (Gade) and "William Tell" (Rossini) were remarkably executed and interpreted. Mr. Hamilton accordingly deserves due honor.

All this leads beautifully to a hobby that the season was begun with, and to which the writer is only too glad to return. There will be a fine chorus of mixed voices in this city, one the equal of that anywhere, when the singers will follow the example of their orchestra brothers and sisters and form themselves into a singing body. It calls for the erasement of all selfish interests, possibly a prominent soloist would be obliged to stand in an inconspicuous place. If one will carefully



LA VALERA, AT ORPHEUM

look over the Los Angeles Symphony Orchestra, there will be seen solo violinists who are submerging their identity for the common good of music. (The remuneration is too insignificant to be an object.) These players are



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busily engaged in teaching, as are our singers, in addition, most of them are engaged in evening work, but arrange their plans to devote one morning a week to the demands of the orchestra. No more would be required of the singers. How about it?

Two Los Angeles girls, who, for two years, have been studying in Leipsic, will remain another year, Mollie Wilson, for a time contralto of Immanuel church, and Mary Carter. Both young women are making splendid progress under the careful teaching of Mrs. Carl Alves, the American contralto, who has lived there several years.

Portland, Ore., recently gave its second annual musical festival. There was a chorus of 300 voices.

To be rated as an opera habitue in Berlin, one has to attend opera more than five times a year. It is estimated that among the two million inhabitants of that city, there are about 200,000 who are music lovers, and of these only 15,000 are entitled to be called opera habitues.

Theodore Spiering, well known in Chicago for years, before his removal to Berlin, where he has had pronounced success, has been engaged as concert master of the New York Philharmonic Society by Gustav Mahler, the conductor.

The music festival of Atlanta, Ga., was a financial success, a surplus of \$12,000 being left in the treasury, despite the fact that expensive soloists from New York and Damrosch's Orchestra, were engaged.

Max Klinger, the sculptor, known best to Americans by his Beethoven figure in the Leipsic museum, has recently finished the Brahms statue for Berlin, and will begin the Wagner monument, which will be unveiled on the centenary of Wagner's birth, May 22, 1913.

Of special interest to singers are the new Scriptural songs by James Mac Dermid of Chicago. They are the best sacred songs published for many months.

College of Music of the University of Southern California announces a piano recital by pupils of Miss Carrie Trowbridge in the college chapel, Thursday afternoon at 4 o'clock. Miss Pansy Newlin of the senior class will give a piano recital in the chapel Friday evening, May 28. She will be assisted by

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Mrs. Norma Rockhold Robbins, contralto, and Miss Trowbridge, accompanist. An invitation is extended to the music-loving public to both these events.

Cooking by Electricity

Mrs. A. M. Colby of Boston is giving an interesting demonstration of cooking by electricity to consumers of the Edison Electric Company in parlor 102 in the lobby of the San Fernando building at Fourth and Main streets. Visitors are served with a great variety of delicious dishes, prepared with rare skill in the various kitchen utensils, and a variety of other electrical appliances is exhibited. The demonstrations take place between 10 and 12 and 2 and 4 o'clock, and will continue for thirty days.



By Rene T. de Quelin

An excellent painting of the modern English school, called "The Hunting Scene," by C. E. Stewart, A.R.A., which was exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1891, is to be seen at the Kanst art gallery. This picture received considerable comment in London at the time of its showing there, and received special notice in the Illustrated London News art supplement of that year. It depicts an English huntsman with regulation costume of red coat, leather breeches and black velvet visor cap, on horseback, descending a bank and about to ford a stream, surrounded by a pack of hounds, many of which are in the act of swimming across. All those in the water are full front to the viewer, and no matter at what angle we face the picture, the dogs always appear to be swimming toward one, all of which arouses an interested susceptibility. It is a warm, delightful picture, painted in a broad, sure manner, full of spontaneity, excellent color values and tones, and with fine drawing and action; an unusually good canvas.

* * *

Another interesting picture to be seen at the same gallery is that of the "Old World and the New," by Sir Pettes Douglas, P.R.S.A., whose works, since his death, have greatly increased in price and are in great demand. This painting was exhibited at the Royal Scottish Academy in 1865 and elicited much favorable comment, owing to its subtle allegorical interpretation. The foreground of the picture shows the interior of a monk's cell, with several friars, apparently of the Franciscan order, in consultation about the past and the future, for one of them is aluding, by the indication of his thumb, to a group of moderns, who are seen approaching from the church opposite through an archway, where all is sunlight and glitter, as opposed to the somber and dark quarters of the cell. It is well painted, full of action and meaning, which encourages much food for thought. A good figure piece.

* * *

Perhaps one of the most interesting types of landscapes to be seen today from the point of minute detail and exquisite balance and breadth of color, is an oil by J. Smart, R.S.A. It is a scene on the River Teith, Scotland, and was painted in 1865, a time when the school of minute detail was at its height, and shows to what great perfection and understanding it was carried, holding withal complete breadth of effect, although the painters of today claim detail a destroyer of that very thing. The modern broad school and impressionists have held such sway for so long that it is refreshing to look upon one of these exquisite paintings so wonderful in its detail, which shows the extraordinary patience and concentration exercised by artists of that period. This canvas was exhibited in the Scottish Academy, and may now be seen at the Kanst gallery.

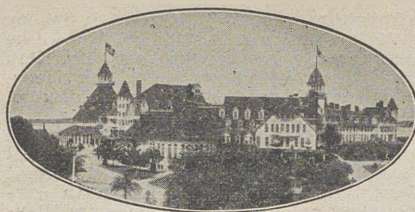
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There are also three fine old English water colors, attributed to the Norfolk school, executed in the early part of the last century. These are both rare and interesting. Some fine marines in water color by J. L. France of Buffalo are likewise shown. Mr. France is an artist who has made tremendous strides to the front of late years in marine work. The Kanst gallery also shows excellent water colors by R. L. Johnson and S. A. Mulholland.

* * *

Mr. Jean Mannheim is now engaged on an important commission, a portrait of Mr. John W. Mitchell, which gives promise of being one of the best portraits ever executed in this city.

Thursday evening the members of the Ruskin Art Club attended a reception at the Kanst galleries, by special invitation, and enjoyed an evening on art, which constituted a general talk on pictures by Mr. J. F. Kanst and Mr. A. Harvey, which proved both entertaining and instructive. Mr. Harvey has been appointed one of the judges on old masters for the Fine Arts League of this city. He tells us



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of having been buyer for the celebrated Agnew firm of London, traveling on the continent for the purpose of finding old masters that were in the market. He was also with Scott's galleries of Montreal, Canada.

* * *

Theodore Wores opened an exhibition of his paintings in the Steckel gallery today which will be reviewed next week. Changes in his work are to be noted since he exhibited in the Blanchard building, two years ago. He has evidently been more impressed with a brighter tone in coloring.

* * *

The new Carnegie library at Long Beach is to be opened June 5 with an art gallery that is to have a permanent showing. All the artists of Los Angeles have been invited, most of whom will respond, thereby promising an exhibition of local interest.

* * *

In view of the fact that we had occasion some time ago to review the work of Henry Hammond Ahl in his painting called "The Shadow of the Cross," lately exhibited here, it may prove of interest to remark further that more or less successful efforts have been made in obtaining similar effects in luminosity, by persons endeavoring to disprove so-called claims of miraculous or supernatural manifestations in the painting by Mr. Ahl. Joseph Greenbaum, with the assistance of a local chemist, produced a painting, "The Legend of St. Hubert," to which was applied over the parts he desired to have appear luminous in the dark, a chemical known to absorb and give off light. While this did produce luminosity, it was only to a limited degree, not approaching the intensity of light seen in the Ahl picture. Another example of luminous paint is put before the public by Bishop Garrison, frankly engaged in disclosing fraud at 522 South Spring street. This picture, if it may be so called, of "The Shadow of the Cross," which makes no pretense to any artistic merit, is merely shown to illustrate the accomplished purpose. It is now conceded that the original "In the Shadow of the Cross" was produced by similar means with full knowledge of those concerned, which appears to be the extent of misrepresentation.

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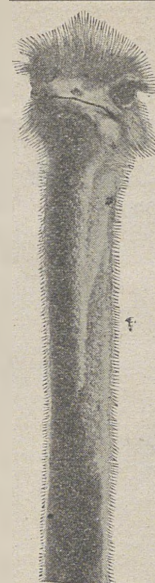
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By Ruth Burke

EVENTS FOR NEXT WEEK

TUESDAY—Wedding, Miss Josephine Lewis and Mr. Norman Sterry at home of Mr. and Mrs. Karl V. Lewis, 2635 Orchard avenue; afternoon. Wedding, Miss Elsie Bosbyshell and Mr. Ernest Bennett Adams at home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. E. P. Bosbyshell, Oneonta Park; evening.

WEDNESDAY—Wedding, Miss Winifred Llewellyn and Mr. John Milner at home of bride's mother, Mrs. Hannah Llewellyn, 226 West Adams street; evening. Mrs. E. P. Johnson Jr., Mrs. Charles Dick and Miss Johnson, tea at their home, 832 West Twenty-eighth street. Wedding, Miss Marion McGilvray and Mr. O. J. Salisbury at home of bride's mother, Mrs. W. D. McGilvray, Bellefontaine avenue, Pasadena; evening. Mrs. Thomas Wright Phillips and Miss Angelita Phillips, reception at their home, 22 Harvard boulevard. Wedding, Miss Anna Marie Nellis and Mr. Albert Charles Phillips of Seattle at home of bride's parents, Judge and Mrs. DeWitt Clinton Nellis at Topeka, Kan.

THURSDAY—Mrs. F. D. Bradford and Mrs. Frank K. Eckley, luncheon at home of Mrs. Eckley, 1975 West Washington street.

SATURDAY—Reception at Ebell club house by women of Immanuel Presbyterian church for Dr. and Mrs. Hugh K. Walker; evening. Mrs. Moyer Green, dinner party at Hotel Virginia, Long Beach, for Miss Bertha Heintz and Mr. Charles Carter.

Master Cupid may now rest on his laurels and watch his aides, the ministers, bring to a culmination the romances which his sharp little arrows have wrought. June, the month of brides and roses, is near approaching and the skillful archery of the little God of Love has resulted in bringing innumerable couples to Hymen's altar. One of the most socially important weddings will be that of Miss Winifred Llewellyn and Mr. John Milner, who have chosen Wednesday evening, June 2, as the date for their nuptials. Miss Llewellyn is a member of one of Los Angeles' foremost families and herself is an attractive young woman with a wide circle of admiring friends. Mr. Milner, who is the son of Mrs. John Milner of 717 West Washington street, is a University of California man, being a member of the Chi Psi fraternity and is resident manager of a big casualty company. The wedding, which will be of widespread interest, will take place at the home of the bride's mother, Mrs. Hannah Llewellyn, 226 West Adams street. A second wedding in the Milner family will take place this month, Miss Elsie Milner having chosen Wednesday, June 30, as the date for her marriage to Mr. Charles L. Michod. Miss Milner, who is handsome and brilliant, with every accomplishment which comes from study and extensive travel, is the last of the four Milner girls to marry. Her sisters, Mrs. Frank K. Rule, Mrs. Frank A. McDonald and Mrs. Leon Stratton, are socially prominent, and Miss Milner, who has only recently returned from a several years' residence in Europe, will be warmly welcomed by local society matrons. Mr. Michod comes of a distinguished Swiss family and is well known in the business circles of this city. The wedding of Miss Milner and Mr. Michod will be a church affair and will be one of the brilliant events of late June. A wedding service in which Los Angeles, Pasadena and Salt Lake society folk will be interested will be that of Miss Marion McGilvray and Mr. O. J. Salisbury, which is to be solemnized Wednesday evening, June 2, at the home of the bride's mother, Mrs. W. D. McGilvray, in Pasadena. The bride is the sister of Mr. Don McGilvray, one of the popular bachelors, and a delightful round of pre-nuptial affairs are being given in her honor. Mr. Salisbury is a wealthy and prominent resident of Salt Lake City. Of equal importance will be the wedding of Miss Josephine Lewis and Mr. Norman Sterry, which will be celebrated Tuesday afternoon, June 1, at the home of the bride's brother and sister-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Earl V. Lewis, on Orchard avenue. Owing to the recent death of the bride's mother, the ceremony is to be extremely simple and will be witnessed only by the immediate relatives. Miss Lewis, who is a charming young woman of attractive personality, is a graduate of the local high school and a member of one of the sororities. She is the daughter of Mr. V. C. Lewis of

756 South Flower street. Prior to her mother's sudden death, Miss Lewis was the recipient of much social attention in the way of pre-nuptial entertainments. The wedding of Miss Elsie Bosbyshell and Mr. Ernest Bennett Adams also is to be an event of June 1. The ceremony will be celebrated at the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Edward P. Bosbyshell of Oneonta Park. Simple in its appointments will be the marriage of Miss Bri Conroy and Mr. Asa Kelly of Chicago. Plans had been made for a brilliant wedding, but, owing to the illness of the bride-elect's mother, it was decided to have the service a simple one, which will take place at the home of Miss Conroy's parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Conroy on West Thirtieth street. Of widespread interest, however, will be the nuptials. Miss Conroy is one of the most popular members of the exclusive younger set and her betrothed who is handsome and wealthy, has won a host of friends here. June 22 has been set as the date for the wedding of Miss Edna Barlow and Mr. Wright Coulter. The ceremony will be celebrated at the Broadway Christian church and will be an evening affair. Miss Barlow is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Allison Barlow of West Thirtieth street, and Mr. Coulter is the son of Mr. and Mrs. F. M. Coulter of this city. One of the most feted of the June brides is Miss Bertha Heintz, daughter of Mrs. Maude G. Heintz of 2345 Scarff street. Miss Heintz' marriage to Mr. Charles Carter, son of Mr. and Mrs. H. V. Carter of 1186 West Thirtieth street, will take place Wednesday evening at the home of the bride's mother. Miss Heintz' maid of honor will be her sister, Miss Lola Heintz, and Misses Ruth McFarland and Constance Carvell will be her bridesmaids. Mr. Maynard McFie will be best man at the nuptials. The wedding of Miss Helen Macdonald and Mr. Charles B. Hopper will be one of the events of late June. Miss Macdonald is the daughter of Mr. William Macdonald and Mr. Hopper, who is a prominent young business man of the city, is the son of Mr. and Mrs. E. L. Hopper of West Thirty-third street. Their wedding will be celebrated Monday evening, June 28, at Christ Episcopal church. The marriage of Miss Constance Johnston, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William J. Johnston, to Mr. William Winter, will take place the evening of June 28 also, the ceremony being performed at St. Agnes church, in the presence of relatives and a number of friends. Another marriage in which local society folk will be interested will be that of Miss Isabel Vail, daughter of Mrs. David H. Vail of 371 Leland Way, Hollywood, to Mr. Eugene Parker. The service will be performed Wednesday evening, June 30, at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Schuyler Cole in Colegrove. A number of other weddings are set for June, among them being that of Miss Mabel Hoffman of Pasadena and Mr. Burton Elmer Heatt; Miss Margaret Hough and Mr. Norman Gay; Miss Amy Frances Cocke and Dr. James C. Kendrick of Denver, Colo.; Miss Helen June Ginther and Mr. Carl Kwis; Miss Bess Conlee and Mr. Thomas H. Beach; Miss Edna Clark and Mr. Karl Klitten of Washington, and Miss Kathryn Spooner and Mr. J. Thomas Huston.

Mrs. David H. Vail of 371 Leland Way, Hollywood, announces the approaching marriage of her daughter, Miss Isabel Vail, to Mr. Eugene Parker, a prominent Los Angelen. Date for the wedding has been set for June 30, and the ceremony will be celebrated in the evening at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Schuyler Cole of Colegrove. Miss Vail is a charming young woman of attractive personality and is popular in the younger set. She and her betrothed are being entertained at a number of delightful pre-nuptial affairs. Thursday evening they were guests of honor at an informal supper for ten given by Mr. and Mrs. Harry Winthrop Gorham of Colegrove.

Society folk are interested in the approaching wedding of Miss Marion McGilvray and Mr. Orin James Salisbury of Salt Lake City, which is to be celebrated next Wednesday evening at the home of the bride's mother, Mrs. W. D. McGilvray, Bellefontaine avenue, Pasadena. Invitations have been issued to about sixty relatives and friends. Mrs. Lewis McCormick, sister of the groom-elect, will be matron

of honor, and Mr. Walter Salisbury will be best man. The bride will be given away by her brother, Mr. Don McGilvray. Following the service a wedding supper will be served, and, later, Mr. and Mrs. Salisbury will leave on their wedding trip. They will be at home to their friends in Salt Lake City after September 1. Miss McGilvray, who is popular in the exclusive circles of Los Angeles and Pasadena, has been the guest of honor at a number of smart functions since the announcement of her betrothal several weeks ago. Today Mrs. Robert A. Rowan is entertaining for her with a luncheon at Hotel Alexandria, and this afternoon she is to be the guest of honor at a tea which Miss Echo Allen will give. Mr. and Mrs. John B. Miller of Pasadena will be host and hostess at a dinner this evening, given in compliment to Miss McGilvray, Mr. Salisbury and their bridal party.

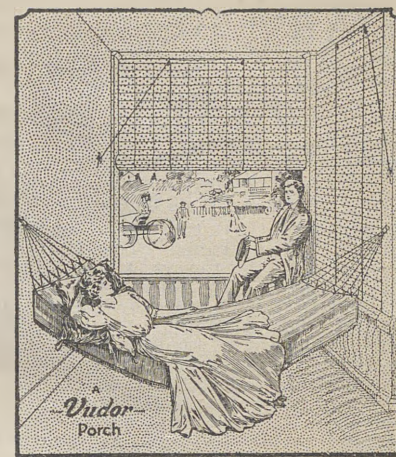
One of the pretty weddings of the week was that of Miss May Ella Schley and Mr. Louis Wessell, the ceremony taking place Thursday morning at 8 o'clock, at the home of Rev. and Mrs. Hugh E. Smith, 1313 West Eighth street. Mr. Smith performed the ceremony and Mrs. Hubert Lee Smith sang the "Four Leaf Clover." A dainty breakfast was served, after which the couple left for their future home in Montana, stopping en route at the Grand Canyon of Arizona and other points of interest. The bride for five years has been connected with the teaching force of the Los Angeles public schools, among which she has many warm friends, and is much appreciated for the high order of her professional work.

Prettily appointed and one of the most enjoyable of the week's social affairs was the reception given Wednesday by Mrs. Albert Henry Voigt and Miss Mamie Nevada Voigt at their home, 936 Westlake avenue. Quantities of asparagus plumosus ferns were used throughout in the decoration. The reception hall was arranged with potted ferns and in the reception room Maman Cochet roses and pink sweet peas were combined in effective manner. The living room was decorated with varicolored roses and a profusion of golden coreopsis was utilized in the dining room. Music was rendered by a popular string orchestra. Receiving with the hostesses was Mrs. Albert McFarland Bonsall and assisting were Meses. Albert A. Hubbard, Wilbur D. Campbell, Benjamin F. Church, James G. Warren, Elton R. Walcott, I. L. Hubbard, Guy L. Cuzner, W. C. Hutchison; Misses Ruth Minton, Frances Lewis and Flora Harker.

Mr. and Mrs. W. E. McVey of 1190 West Twenty-ninth street will leave here June 24 for a four months' tour of the world. They will be accompanied by their four daughters, Misses Laura, Helene, Silence and Frances McVey. Return will be made in time for the entry of the two older daughters, Misses Laura and Helen McVey, at Wellesley College. The former will enroll at the college proper and the latter will enter the preparatory school. A number of delightful farewell parties are being given for them, and Miss McVey herself entertained recently with a large luncheon at the California Club for a number of her girl friends.

Announcement is made by Mr. and Mrs. Ludwig Baruch of 549 Mission road of the marriage, Wednesday, of their daughter, Miss Mathilde Baruch, to Mr. Charles Rudolf Friml. News of the wedding comes as a surprise to the many friends of the couple and is of trans-continental interest. Mr. Friml is a pianist of fame, being known in the east and in Europe as both pianist and composer. He is a countryman, schoolmate and friend of Kubelik, with whom he traveled for three years as concert pianist.

Mrs. G. Hildreth Jones and Mrs. Benton W. Brown entertained with an artistically appointed luncheon Tuesday in the Iris apartments in honor of Mrs. Frank Watts, Iowa's state president of the Mothers' congress, and also in compliment to Mrs. Harriet Downs of Aurora, Ill. The decorations were particularly attractive, pink and white sweet peas and roses being arranged in effective manner. Place cards were dainty affairs and aside from the hostesses and guests of honor bore the names of Meses. Russell, O'Connell,



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Principal among the large society functions of next week will be the tea which Mrs. E. P. Johnson Jr., Mrs. Charles Dick and Miss Johnson will give Wednesday at their home, 833 West Twenty-eighth street, in honor of Mrs. Gilbert Cox Blasdel, who is their house guest. Assisting the hostesses will be Meses. W. H. Perry, Charles Modini-Wood, Walter Barnwell, James Utley, Ernest A. Bryant, Jefferson Paul Chandler, Fowler Shankland, J. A. Fairchild, John G. Mott, Jack Jevne, H. W. Howard, Arthur Braly, Ely Lilly, J. K. Urnston, William Valentine, Edwin Hill, J. S. Chapman, Henry McKee, Max Chapman, Ward Chapman, Benjamin Johnson, Robert McReynolds, C. F. Perry, F. G. Spence, William Lewis, William Johnstone, W. C. Read; Misses Sallie Utley, Worsham, Vickers and Sarah Goodrich.

Mrs. Thomas W. Phillips and her daughter, Miss Angelita Phillips, of 2215 Harvard boulevard will be hostesses next Tuesday at one of the most delightful receptions of the season. Among those invited to assist are Meses. Stoddard Jess, Maurice Hellman, Charles Nourse, Erickson, Mary Schallert, James H. Adams, A. J. Salisbury, Edwin S. Rowley, Percy Griffin, Robert P. Troy, S. K. Lindley; Misses Marie Mullen, Hortense White, Sue Carpenter, Jessie Morgan, Grace Rowley, Mary Lindley, Harriet Tate, Fanny Carpenter, Lois Salisbury, Lucille Ozier, Julia Derby and Maude Huntsberger.

Los Angeles friends will be interested in learning of Mrs. John H. Norton's contemplated departure for Europe. Mrs. Norton, accompanied by her daughter, Miss Amy Marie Norton, and Mr. Norton's niece, will sail from New York on the American, June 19, going direct to London. From there the party will make an extended tour of Europe and probably later in the summer will be joined by Mr. Norton. Miss Amy Marie Norton has been attending Mrs. Hazen's school at Pelham Manor, N. Y.

Among the handsome social affairs given at Pasadena recently was the May luncheon at which Miss Mildred Harrah of 260 Palmetto drive was hostess. The affair was given in honor of Miss Harrah's sister, Mrs. Roderick Burnham, whose marriage was a social event of a year ago; Miss Katherine Wadsworth, who leaves next week for Europe, and Miss Marguerite Egbert, who leaves the first of June for the east.

Mrs. Don W. Carlton and her daughter, Miss Lillian Carlton, of 1024 Elden avenue were hostesses Tuesday at a musical given for a number of their friends. An interesting program was presented by Miss Louise Nixon Hill and Miss Harriet Johnson.

Mrs. Fred G. Chase of South Bonnie Brae street entertained informally Tuesday evening in compliment to Mr. and Mrs. Ralph A. Chase, Dr. and Mrs. F. E. Burke, Mr. J. J. Jones and Mr. Charles Anderson, members of the party that accompanied the silver trowel to Mexico.

Mrs. J. S. Slauson, her son, Mr. James Slauson, and her granddaughter, Miss Macneil, sailed from Cherbourg yesterday on the Hamburg-American liner, Cincinnati, and are due to reach Los Angeles, June 10. The party, which left here the latter part of February for a four months' tour of the Mediterranean, enjoyed a delightful trip, but an earlier return than expected is being made, owing to the death of Mr. D. C. Daniels, the business partner and personal friend of Mr. Slauson.

Mrs. Charles H. Toll of Elden avenue was hostess Tuesday evening at a meeting of the Westmoreland Card Club.

Mrs. Florence Hopper Reese of New Haven, Conn., will arrive in Los Angeles the first week in June to attend the wedding of her brother, Mr. Charles B. Hopper, and Miss Helen Mc-

Donald, which will be one of the important events of the near future. While here she will be the guest of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. E. L. Hopper, of 441 West Thirty-third street.

Mrs. Edward L. Doheny of 8 Chester place was hostess Tuesday at an informal garden tea given in celebration of the birthday anniversary of her sister, Mrs. J. Crampton Anderson. The guests assembled in the court in the rear of the house, which was transformed into a Japanese garden, with tables arranged under bamboo canopies, entwined with cherry blossoms and roses. A guessing game was the principal diversion.

Mrs. F. D. Bradford and Mrs. Frank Eckley have issued invitations for a large luncheon to be given at the home of the former on West Washington street, Thursday afternoon, June 3. Assisting the hostesses will be Mrs. Walter Covington and Mrs. Charles Howland.

Tuesday afternoon Mrs. Leonard Merrill of 956 Menlo avenue entertained with an informal Indian afternoon, the affair being given in compliment to her sister, Mrs. Albert Richards of Quincy, Ill. A feature of the afternoon was the singing of Indian songs by Mrs. H. D. Marxmiller and a talk by Mrs. E. A. Carter on Indian relics.

Mrs. Randolph H. Miner, Mrs. Mary Longstreet and their brother, Mr. Alfred Wilcox, have returned from a recent trip to San Francisco.

Mrs. George R. Grant, with her baby son, is visiting here, a guest at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. A. I. Green of 956 Arapahoe street. Mr. Grant is a well-known newspaper artist and is now with the New York American. With the arrival here of Mrs. Grant, announcement has been made of the engagement of her sister, Miss Anna Green, to Mr. S. N. Korngut of this city.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Flint, the latter formerly Miss Margaret Gray, who were recently married in Evansville, Ind., are at present touring Europe. They plan to return to Los Angeles in the late summer to make their home.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Gray of Pasadena have purchased the home of Mr. and Mrs. Edwin H. Groenendyke and are to take possession within a few days. Mr. and Mrs. Groenendyke plan to erect a new home on property which they own adjoining that just sold to the Grays.

Of interest to a host of friends is the announcement made of the engagement of Miss Ethel Madge McGraw, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. J. McGraw of 2348 West Twentieth street, to Mr. Harlan W. Clatworthy, son of Rev. W. C. Clatworthy of Redlands, formerly of this city.

Mr. and Mrs. David H. McCartney are planning soon to take possession of their new home in the Wilshire district, which is nearing completion. The little daughter who arrived at the McCartney home a few weeks ago is to be named Barbara Jean.

Among other prominent Los Angelenos who are to pass the summer months abroad are Mrs. Charles Rivers Drake, Miss Pinita Drake and Miss Marguerite Rivers Drake of 2633 South Hoover street. They will leave Los Angeles, June 7, for New York, whence they will sail on the steamship Friedrich der Grosse, June 17, for an extended tour of the continent.

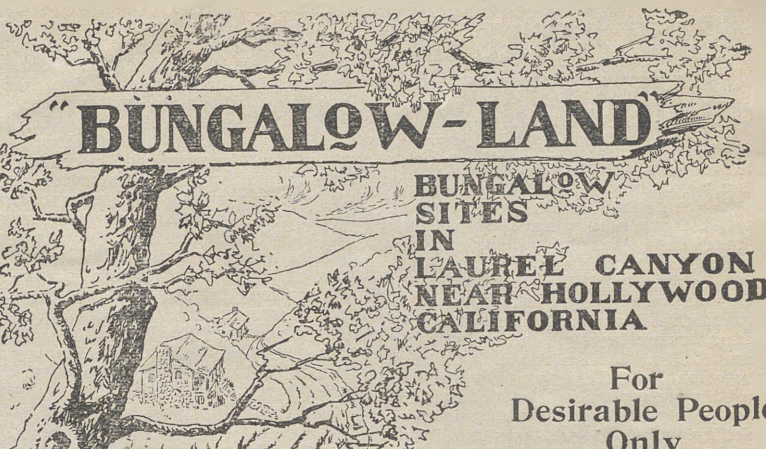
Mr. and Mrs. Raymond Stephens of 515 Andrews boulevard are rejoicing over the birth of a son, who arrived last Sunday. The young heir has been christened Jefferson Chandler Stephens.

Mr. and Mrs. J. T. Fitzgerald have sold their home on West Adams street, and after June 1 will be located in Pasadena, at the corner of Fair Oaks avenue and Monterey, pending the completion of their new home at Oak Knoll.

Mr. and Mrs. John P. Burke, with their two daughters, left this week for the east, where they will remain four weeks, visiting with friends.

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Dr. Wells, Osteopath, 119 1/2 S. Spring.



It is a pleasant disappointment which Howard Scott has for Belasco patrons, this week. They who went to see "Beau Brummel" last Monday night, expecting to find Richard Mansfield's favorite creation shorn of all those delicate affectations which proved so captivating in the Beau of the original interpreter, came away warm in their praises of Mr. Scott's really excellent characterization. Perhaps they missed the soft, purring voice that Mansfield lent to the part, his delicious imperturbability, his languid superciliousness, his consummate impudence, his nonchalance, his exquisite manners, his fastidiousness, his conscious elegance, but if these accented traits are absent in the Beau of Howard Scott, at least they are suggested by his presentation of the character. In fact, the general impression he leaves is so satisfactory

the hoydenish aspect of his nephew, Reginald Courtenay, who is awarded the girl both courts, the secret verdict is that Mariana Vincent makes a poor selection. It is the Clyde Fitch version, originally presented by Richard Mansfield, nineteen years ago this month, in New York, that Mr. Scott uses, and he sticks closely to the traditions and business of the Mansfield offering. Misplaced eyelashes are as carefully removed, whiteness of hands impelled by the same graceful waving of the digits in the air, the senders of delicate notes are guessed by the perfume exhaled from each. His impetuous nephew is checked in the same bored manner, the handshake refused with the same lifted eyeglass, accompanied by the languid "Dear me, what is that? Your hand, to be sure. Men shake hands much too often; a glance of the eye, Reginald, a glance of the eye."

In the historic encounter in the Mall of the Prince and the Beau, after the quarrel, when the bailiffs are waiting to pounce upon the dethroned favorite, Mr. Scott is at his best, and the famous exclamation, "Sherry, who's your fat friend?" was delivered with delightful imperturbability. With all the



FLORENCE REED, IN "MERELY MARY ANN," AT THE BELASCO

that to quibble at minor defects, which are the more apparent because of the inevitable contrast, were the act of an ingrate and this reviewer refuses to be so classed.

To those who have never seen Mansfield in the part the work of Mr. Scott will be a delightful revelation, and to those others who are able to draw comparisons there is a decided element of surprise in store. What Mr. Scott lacks in artistic finish, of the savoir faire of the dandy portrayed by Mansfield, is atoned for in large measure by his better figure, his more striking habiliments, his handsomer exterior. Mr. Scott's Beau is, perhaps, a thought too youngish in appearance, but that is a fault the feminine admirers of the popular member of the Belasco company will not greatly deary; in contrasting the Beau's "mature" youthfulness with

magnanimity of a brave heart, the Beau renounces his lady love in favor of his nephew and without the lowering of an eyelid or the relaxation of a muscle, turns away from the wealth and happiness that might have been his to the sordid misery held for him by the lurking bailiffs and the social doom that has been pronounced. In the final act he is still the tattered exquisite, penniless and literally starving, but with a lordly air he presents his snuff box, last relic of his former magnificence, to the caller, who little suspects the true significance of the gift.

Excellent staged and well supported, the Belasco production, under the direction of David M. Hartford, with scenery and decorations designed and executed by Robert Brunton is a most creditable presentation. Ranking next to Mr. Scott's work in point of ex-

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cellence is the Oliver Vincent of De Witt C. Jennings, whose delineation of the fussy, but good hearted city merchant, is well-nigh perfect. Charles Ruggles is not a happy Reginald. He hasn't pretty legs and appears ill at ease in displaying the ones assigned him by nature. There is an utter absence of charm in his depiction of the Beau's nephew, and for the first time his work to this reviewer is a distinct disappointment. Richard Vivian, as the gentleman's gentleman, is a trifle too serious—the part requires more lights and fewer shades than he imparts. Louis Morrison's Richard Brinsley Sheridan would make the witty playwright stare could he see himself, and Frank Richardson's Prince of Wales was similarly unimpressive.

Florence Reed is captivating as Mariana Vincent. Her charming manner

and sweet, unaffected ways more than reinforce the opinion formed of this talented young woman at her initial appearance. She is certainly growing in the good graces of the Belasco audiences, as predicted. Adelle Farrington's Mrs. St. Aubyn is cleverly handled, as also in the Duchess of Leamington of Ida Lewis. Beatrice Noyes tries hard to portray an Irish maid, but an effort at brogue is her only approximation. She has none of the drolleries and "consais" of a young Irish lass. Notwithstanding these minor lapses, the performance is a memorable one and is deserving of liberal support.

S. T. C.

"Finnegan's Ball" at the Grand

It is sincerely to be hoped that the new series of plays to be produced by the Murray and Mack company will

introduce a different brand of comedy in "Finnegan's Ball," which they are playing at the Grand Opera House this week. They not only have gone back to the ancient almanacs for their funnyisms, but they have fallen into the treacherous slough of cheap wit and in several instances try to encourage mirth with vulgarity. This is a woful mistake and one which should be immediately remedied. One does not expect to find proverbs and scriptural quotations in a musical comedy, but it does not seem necessary to appeal to the risibles with humor that is more than questionable. Murray and Mack have good material from which to fashion an excellent company, but they have started wrong. The chorus is excellent in its ensemble work, and the little ponies are especially clever. The songs are good and well staged. Lillie Sutherland and Bobby Harrington make a deserved hit with "The A. B. C. of the U. S. A." The "China Doll" song, and the "California Poppies" are highly enjoyable, especially the latter, and the Marquis Ellis quartette is surpassing itself in the best singing turn of its local theatrical career. Given comedy that is clean and funny—not

and dancing act of the eccentric variety and capture a good part of the applause. Only one new sketch is presented this week, a one-act playlet "Po' White Trash Jinny," by Lillian Mortimer & Co. The skit is decidedly of the melodrama class and for its kind is all that could be asked. No one is killed off, but there is every other essential of the emotional blood and thunder play, with a hero, a heroine and two unscrupulous "vilyuns," who, at the last moment, are frustrated in their plot. Holdovers include the Sandor Cirque, Arcadia, Hawthorne & Burt and the Fred Ray players, with new motion pictures.

Offerings Next Week

Monday night the Mason Opera House will reopen with Ethel Barrymore, who will be seen in W. Somerset Maugham's comedy, "Lady Frederick." Miss Barrymore is a general favorite in Los Angeles and her appearance in a new society drama has aroused interest among her many admirers. Miss Barrymore has a company of merit, including Bruce McRae, who is well liked for his ability and personality, Norman Tharp, Charles



ETHEL BARRYMORE IN "LADY FREDERICK," AT THE MASON

an impossible combination—with a few changes in the personnel, the necessity of which the management can easily discern, and the Murray and Mack company can hold its own. But at present it is sadly deficient.

Orpheum's Pleasing Bill

Orpheum-goers this week are given an entertainment of more than usual class. Two excellent musical acts are featured and the clownesque turns and kindred buffoonery are pleasingly limited. Heading the bill is Grigolati's famous aerial ballet with Mille Flor-etta as premiere aerialist. With varicolored light effects and with a number of white doves flying about them, the seven winged girls form an artistic series of tableaux as they gracefully swing about the stage by means of hidden wires. The Four Sisters Amatis, piano virtuosos and vocalists, win a large share of the honors in their rendition of four classical numbers. Miss Gisela, with a phenomenally high note, said to range above Ellen Beach Yaw's high C, and a flirtatious wink, easily charms the audience from the gallery down to the front row. Knight Brothers and Sawtelle have a clever singing

Hammond, Jessie Millward, Vira Stowe, Marianna Thurber and others. At this engagement of Miss Barrymore there will be but one matinee, Saturday afternoon.

Kolb and Dill, the purveyors of merriment, will offer their third change of bill at the Majestic Theater the week beginning Sunday night and including Wednesday and Saturday matinees. The piece is called "Weiner and Schnitzel," and while possessing less of a plot than its predecessors is said to be plethoric of humor. There is a baker's dozen of song numbers, including a new march composed by Kolb, which he has called "The Elks' Parade." Other favorites are "Rubbers in a Turkish Bath," "Gay Fleurette," "The College Girl for Mine," "That's the Reason Now I Wear a Kilt" and "Crazy Land."

Manager Oliver Morosco announces an elaborate revival of "Under Two Flags" at the Burbank Theater for the week beginning Sunday matinee, May 30. The regular Burbank company has been largely augmented for this pro-

(Continued on page 15)

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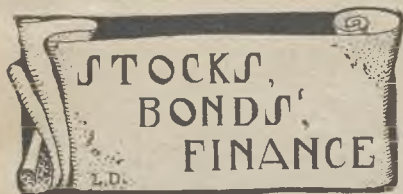
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Olinda Land, one of the cheaper of the oils, has supplied the pyrotechnics on the Los Angeles stock exchange this week, more than 50,000 shares having been sold up to the time of closing this report, since Monday morning. The shares had been manipulated upward, from around 18 cents to 32 cents, within two months, and back again from the last-named figure, to 27, between Tuesday morning and Wednesday afternoon. The slump in the stock was due to the dumping of about 35,000 shares in a single lot that came on the exchange Wednesday.

Opinion appears to be divided in regard to the stock, certain purchasers insisting that the shares are well worth considerably in excess of the present quotations, while others professing to be equally well posted declare the stock is a gamble that has a future dependent solely upon the prospects of a well being brought in, where at present the chances are not bright for oil to be uncovered in paying quantities in the near future. Olinda owns lands in the Fullerton field and a number of strong people always have been interested in the company, which, until recently, was a dividend payer for a time.

Barring Olinda, the general list of stocks and bonds known in this market continues to act sluggishly. Associated Oil is stronger than it has been in some time. The stock broke badly early in the week, touching close to 30, and at once slipped back close to 34. Reports again are in circulation that from this on Associated is to go up, instead of down, and that an August dividend is not unlikely. Los Angeles, instead of San Francisco, appears lately to have become the price arbiter of Associated, the bonds as well as the stock.

All of the Unions are weaker than they have been in months, with no indications of a return of strength to any of these issues, apparently, in the near future. In fact, these investments act as if they may react to par.

All of the bond list, and the Home Telephones, continue soft, with the Edisons not yet having recovered the ground lost when the common ended its dividend-paying career about a month ago. In the bank share list, First National and Southern Trust continue strong, due to demand, with Citizens National a trifle spongy. Central National recently has stiffened up perceptibly in price, while Farmers & Merchants National and Merchants National are not in the market at anything like what is known as the bid demand. This week 300 was refused for a block of F. & M. National, and Merchants National is in demand at around 475 a share. Certain rights are soon to be due on Security Savings and the stock is strong at 300 bid.

Mexican Petroleum is being sought because of a presumed melon cutting that is pending. Rights for new stock command a big premium.

Money conditions for investment as well as for speculation continue to improve.

Banks and Banking

Among the prominent Southern California bankers, many of whom were accompanied by their wives, who went north the first of this week to attend the fiftieth annual convention of the California Bankers Association, were: A. J. Waters and wife, George Chaffee, John Lopizich, Gustav Heinman and wife, F. E. Porter and wife, Charles A. Elder, W. W. Jones and wife, W. W. Woods and wife, A. B. Jones and wife, J. W. Wilson, John Castera, J. F. Sartori, C. H. Toll, Willis H. Booth, C. E. Woodside and wife, W. S. Bartlett, George H. Stewart and wife, E. J. Vawter, W. S. Sherer, Jay Spence, J. A. Drake, F. E. Pierce and Newman Es-sick and wife of Los Angeles; Julius Wangenheim, San Diego; C. E. Lamme and wife, Orange; W. B. Clancy and wife, Riverside; C. E. Walker and wife, Pomona; H. J. Castleman, Riverside; H. H. Ford and wife, Redlands; H. J. Stuart, Pasadena; G. G. Greenwood and wife, Hollywood; B. F. Tucker and wife, Long Beach; Jonathan Dodge

and wife, Pasadena; C. S. Crookshank, Santa Ana; A. L. Garby, Downey; W. J. Morrison, Long Beach; H. W. Chenoweth, Pasadena; J. W. Law, Hollywood; W. S. Boggs, San Bernardino; C. V. Covell, Hemet; L. A. Blochman, San Diego; F. H. Daly, Fullerton; E. D. Roberts, San Bernardino; A. L. Shively, Santa Paula; J. B. Coulston, Pasadena; A. Thomas, Anaheim; J. B. Neel, Riverside; H. B. Smith, Colton; C. E. French, Santa Ana; F. H. Vespers, Glendale; A. L. Drew, San Bernardino; A. L. McCormack, F. E. Graham, Pomona; P. E. Hatch, Long Beach; H. W. Johnstone, Highlands; P. J. Dudley, Ocean Park; J. A. Kerr, Pasadena.

Local bank clearings are indicative of a betterment in financial conditions. The total of clearing house transactions for the first twenty-one days of the month was several million dollars greater than the corresponding period for 1907. The gain over 1908 has been almost continuous throughout the month, with the exception of one day, when the total clearings fell below the corresponding date of the preceding year by several thousand dollars. In the first twenty-one business days of 1907 there were three days in which the clearings were larger than in this month of the current year, but the differences in each case were small. Increase over last year for the twenty-one days aggregated \$10,711,862, and the gain over the total for May, 1908, is \$5,069,412.

Charles Ewing, cashier of the National Bank of Commerce, has resigned his position in order to accept the position of chief deputy state bank superintendent to which he recently was appointed. The board of directors of the National Bank of Commerce unanimously adopted a resolution expressing regret at losing his services and business companionship and commending him for his worth as a banker of exceptional ability.

Another "snag" has been struck by the committee in charge of plans to reopen the defunct Citizens Savings Bank at Long Beach. Discovery has been made by attorneys that the unanimous consent of the stockholders must be obtained and that the court cannot intervene. Owners of 6 per cent of the stock are still holding out and an effort is being made to win them over.

Well-merited promotion has come to James E. Woolwine, formerly paying teller of the United States National Bank, who has been appointed assistant cashier of that institution. Mr. Woolwine is a brother of Thomas Lee Woolwine of this city and is one of the best liked of the younger banking men of the city.

Stock and Bond Briefs

Because of opposition, the Redlands trustees have rescinded their action calling for a bond election for \$80,000 for the purchase of three lots for a site for the city hall and \$40,000 for the erection of the building. Those opposing contend that the price placed on the property is too high and that the ground is not sufficient for the purpose. Another location will be selected.

Initial steps have been taken by Long Beach officials toward calling an election for a bond issue to acquire municipal water frontage. The plans and specifications of the city engineer have been adopted and an ordinance calling an election for voting bonds will probably be passed next week.

Almost entirely all of the \$600,000 in bonds issued by the Grant Hotel Building Company, San Diego, has been subscribed by local and Los Angeles capital. Plans are now being formulated to organize a hotel company.

Santa Ana is seeking to market school bonds in the sum of \$75,000, of which \$50,000 will be expended for grammar schools and \$25,000 for a new high school. Bids are to be opened June 2.

Bids for the purchase of the Hollywood union high school bonds of \$22,000 will be received up until June 7 by the board of supervisors. Bonds will bear interest at the rate of 4½ per cent.

At a special election to be held June 8, at Santa Barbara, bonds in the sum of \$50,000 will be voted upon for street improvement and for purchasing certain lands for park purposes.

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At the Local Theaters

(Continued from Page 13)

duction, which will enlist the services of fifty players. Blanche Hall will play the daring vivandiere, Cigarette; William Desmond will be Bertie Cecil, and the other members of the stock company will have prominent parts.

Murray and Mack will this week present for the first time in Los Angeles the Rogers Brothers' success, "In Harvard." Murray and Mack will be seen in the parts created by the Rogers Brothers, this being the most pretentious thing they have yet essayed. The Murray and Mack chorus will be greatly in evidence, and a number of late song successes will be introduced. Following "In Harvard," the company will present "The Sunny Side of Broadway."

This week the Belasco Theater company offers Israel Zangwill's delightful comedy drama, "Merely Mary Ann," in which Eleanor Robson was seen here two seasons ago. Florence Reed will play the name part and Lewis S. Stone will appear as Lancelot, the young composer. This will be Mr. Stone's last appearance for three months, as he leaves Monday for Montana. His reappearance at the Belasco will be made Monday, August 29, when the fifth anniversary of the theater will be celebrated. Richard Bennett, Maude Adams' leading man, will replace Mr. Stone during the summer and will make his initiatory entrance June 14 in his original part in "The Lion and the Mouse." Next week the Belasco company will present "Shore Acres."

Just how safe it is to trifle with the seriousness of local club women and suffragettes and just how far their saving sense of humor will carry them is to be tested at the Orpheum for the week beginning Monday matinee, May 31. Angela Dolores in her offering, "Cupid at Home," presents a satire on the club woman and suffragette that is described as a brilliant and humorous playlet, clever in situation and full of fun. La Valera—Mrs. Horton Forrest Phipps—will be seen in a series of Spanish dances, which won great favor in San Francisco. What the press agent terms "a bit of artistic nonsense" will be offered by the Melotte Twins and Clay Smith, and Frank Fogarty, "the Dublin Minstrel," who was here two weeks ago, will return for a week's engagement. The holdovers are the superb Grigolati Flying ballet, Lillian Mortimer & Co., Knight Brothers and Sawtelle, and the Sisters Amatis, with new pictures.

Bosworth Dramatic School Recital

As a rule dramatic school recitals are to be approached with fear and trembling on the part of unfortunate victims who are forced to witness them. Doubly surprising and grateful, therefore, was the recital of the Hobart Bosworth Institute of Dramatic Arts at the Majestic Theater building last Friday night. The Bosworth quarters are both comfortable and artistic, with a pretty little theater eminently fitted for the purpose to which it has been dedicated. The program given by the students was a varied one, ranging from a fencing bout to an address by the director. That ludicrous burlesque, "The Critic," brought down to date by Mr. Bosworth, was given an excellent production and created a gale of merriment. Miss Edna Barnes, who played Tilburnia, gives evidence of a talent that should one day make her known in the histrionic world. As yet she is somewhat amateurish and not quite confident of her abilities, but with the necessary polish and ease that experience will give her, it is safe to prophesy that she will gather in a few laurels from which to fashion a wreath. Minor parts were well taken, although many of the male characters were assigned to girls, who interpreted them surprisingly well. Leo Pierson, who played Whiskerandos, is worthy of especial mention. The fencing bouts and saber exercises were skillful and graceful and the various dances were artistic and well executed.

Frank Stevens, dentist, has resumed practice, 205 Security bldg. Main 2483.

Of Interest to Parents

Many are the parents who begin early in their lives to think of ways and means to save money from their earnings to educate the boy or girl or both, and prepare them for life's business careers. It is impossible for the average wage earner to raise the necessary funds at one time. They find it necessary to start this saving process, and lay aside a small amount as they can from the monthly earnings. This monthly or weekly saving is placed in such a manner that it is safe and can be withdrawn at any time, and is earning good interest. This interest is reinvested, thus compounding quarter after quarter, year after year, and the result is that the amount available, when needed, is indeed most gratifying to the parents, as it amounts to several times the total sum invested and more than sufficient to meet the demands.

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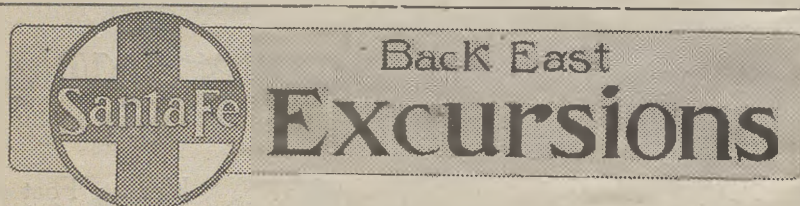
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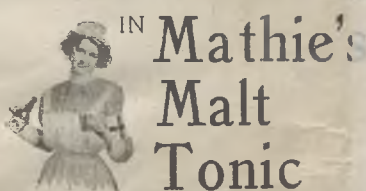
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